The Nation

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Summary of the News

The first political fruits of the attack by the Allied fleet on the Dardanelles seem to be on the point of maturing in Greece. As we note elsewhere, considerations of policy directed towards a realization of the aspirations of Pan-Hellenism would seem to point unmistakably to the cause of the Allies as that which should call for Hellenic support, while, apart from this, the natural sympathies of the Greek people are with France and England, the historic friends of Greek independence. The Government of Eleutherios Venizelos resigned on Saturday of last week on the question of the foreign policy to be pursued by Greece. M. Venizelos, supported by his Cabinet, as well as by political opponents such as the ex-Premiers Theotokis and Rhallis, has advocated the intervention of Greece in the war on the side of the Allies. His policy, however, is opposed by King Constantine, who is affiliated to Germany by dynastic and personal ties. His Queen is a sister of the Kaiser, and he himself, after the second Balkan war, created some feeling in France, whose generals have been mainly responsible for the training of the Greek army, by making public acknowledgment of his debt to the military precepts of Germany. The resignation of M. Venizelos was accepted by the King, who called on M. Zaimis, Governor of the National Bank, to form a Cabinet which should maintain a neutral policy. M. Zaimis, however, declined the office, and the King turned to M. Gounaris, Deputy from Patras, a statesman little known outside his own country, who has undertaken the attempt to form a ministry. It is apparent that there is a strong popular feeling in favor of war, and indications are that the constitutional question will be raised in an acute form whether the pro-German King or the pro-Ally Minister, Venizelos, heretofore both equally national heroes, shall direct the policy of the country.

Similarly in Italy, Rumania, and Bulgaria the prospect of the Allies forcing the Dardanelles must have accentuated the issue of war or neutrality. In Italy last week a bill was introduced in the Chamber authorizing the recall of reserve officers, and another bill imposing stringent regulations concerning espionage and also empowering the Government to take over the control of all industries connected with the defence of the country. The Rumanian Parliament, according to a dispatch to the London *Daily Telegraph* on March 8, has passed a law empowering the Government to proclaim a state of siege until the end of the war, if such a step should be deemed necessary. From Bulgaria have come persistent, though officially unconfirmed, rumors of movements of troops towards the Turkish frontier, and on Tuesday came the report of the resignation of Premier Radoslavoff, said to have been brought about by the disagreement of his political opponents and of King Ferdinand with his policy, perhaps formulated in conjunction with Mr. Venizelos, of attacking Turkey.

The main points of the suggestion for a compromise on the question of Germany's submarine blockade of England and the latter's proposed embargo on all merchandise destined for enemy countries, which formed the subject of the American note to the Governments of Great Britain and Germany on February 22, were published in the papers of March 3, together with a summary of Germany's reply. The proposals of the United States were, briefly, that belligerents should abstain from the use of floating mines, of submarines to attack merchant vessels, and of neutral flags as a *ruse de guerre*, and further that Great Britain should agree that foodstuffs should not be placed on the list of absolute contraband, Germany on her part consenting to the establishment of agencies for the purpose of receiving such goods under a guarantee that they should be distributed solely to the civil population.

The German reply accepted in principle the proposals of the United States, but with certain modifications or enlargements, notably the proviso that the importation should be permitted for peaceful economic purposes of such other raw materials, including fodder, as are mentioned in the free list of the Declaration of London. The German note was forwarded to Ambassador Page to be submitted to the British Foreign Office for the information of the Government. Meanwhile the United States is understood to have addressed to the British Government a note of inquiry as to the manner in which it is proposed to carry out the retaliatory measures outlined in Mr. Asquith's announcement in the House of Commons on March 1. Until information on this point is received no protest will be made from Washington, and that information will not be forthcoming until the measures of retaliation have been embodied in an Order in Council, which, under the special circumstances of the war, has the force of an act of Parliament. Special temporary arrangements have, however, been made by the British Government with the view to relieving the American cotton industry of some of the hardships imposed by the proposed embargo. The scope of these arrangements was announced by the British Embassy in Washington on Monday.

The exact extent of the demands which Japan has made of China, and which have been the subject of negotiations between the two countries for the past two months, cannot yet be accurately determined. In response to a request from the Government of the United States Japan has presented to the Powers a supplementary note summarizing the articles which were not included in her first statement. These articles, she has explained, were not communicated to the Powers on the previous occasion because they dealt with old and long-pending questions between China and herself. In the House of Commons on Tuesday Sir Edward Grey stated that he had no doubt that Japan would observe the treaty of 1905, under the terms of which Japan and Great Britain guaranteed the integrity and independence of China, with equal commercial opportunity to all nations. On March 3 China agreed to an extension for a period of ninety-nine years of the existing Japanese lease of the ports of Dalny and Port Arthur, but there is a hitch in the negotiations concerning Japan's demands affecting administrative rights in Manchuria, and according to dispatches from Peking on Tuesday a somewhat peremptory communication, calling for an agreement with her demands by March 12, has been presented by Japan.

The Sixty-third Congress adjourned on March 4, having passed all the appropriation bills except those for postal service and the Indian Office, for which the present provision was continued. The Ship Purchase bill and the Rural Credits bill were also abandoned, the former, at any rate, unlamented and unsung. In its closing hours Congress passed a resolution intended to strengthen the hands of President Wilson in preserving the neutrality of the country, empowering him to prevent ships from leaving American ports with supplies for belligerent warships.

Conditions in Mexico grow increasingly unpromising. In Mexico City the situation has become acute, on account of the shortage of food supplies, occasioned by Carranza's monopolization of the railway from Vera Cruz for the shipping of munitions of war. The fear of riots by the hungry populace, and consequent injury to foreigners in the city, was increased last week, when Gen. Obregon threatened, in such an event, to withdraw his troops from the city, that they might not "fire a single shot against the hungry multitude," his point being that the merchants and foreigners had refused to contribute for the relief of the starving. That assertion is contrary to the facts, as understood by the State Department. The Government of the United States has made strong representations to Carranza on the subject of the protection of foreigners in Mexico City, and these were backed up on Monday by orders for an additional cruiser and battleship to proceed to Vera Cruz.

The internal situation in Portugal took a serious turn on March 6, when a "Republic of Northern Portugal" was declared by a congress of Democrats. Gen. Barreto, who served as Minister of War in the provisional Government formed during the first year of the Republic, was proclaimed President. The new move is probably the result of dissatisfaction on the part of the Democratic party, which has become of late increasingly powerful, with the recent decision of the Government to postpone the general elections indefinitely and to order a revision of the census, under the present condition of which the Democrats would unquestionably have obtained a majority.

The deaths of the week include: Prof. James Geikie, Major-Gen. Cyrus Bussey, Frederick O. Sylvester, March 2; Harrison Bray Moore, the Rev. Dr. Edward T. Horn, Albert U. Wyman, Dr. Charles J. Evans, March 4; ex-Senator Thomas R. Bard, March 5; Earl Cadogan, Major-Gen. Dimitry Stepanovitch Vasilieff, Bishop Hittmair, March 6; Brig.-Gen. George Smith Anderson, March 7; Max C. Anderson, March 8; William A. Shortt, March 9.

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The Week

Entirely in harmony with the spirit of our existing neutrality laws is the joint resolution of Congress, amending and strengthening them, which was passed last week. One reason why the Administration requested Congress so to act lies evident in a single word of the resolution, "fuel." Our neutrality laws date almost wholly from 1818. There was then, of course, no thought of the possibility of aiding a war vessel by supplying her with coal. In the present war, it has been alleged and generally believed that the warships of both belligerents have had coal taken to them from American ports. If this is the fact, it is in conflict with our duty to prevent our territory from being in any way made a base of military operations against a nation with which we are at peace; and it was, therefore, desirable that the President should be empowered to prevent or punish any attempt of the kind. The other provisions of the resolution, which, in its final form, was carefully drawn and strictly limited, do no more than fill up a gap in our neutrality laws—bringing them up to date. This, we believe, is the sole significance of the action of Congress. The aim is to make the neutrality of our Government law-perfect, as it has been perfect in spirit.

In the retirement of Mr. Root and Mr. Burton, the Senate suffers most serious loss, and loss of a kind that it can ill afford. In point of ability, few members will be left in that body who belong in the same class with either of these two. Mr. Root's preëminence has long been so thoroughly recognized as to require no dwelling upon; if he has never been a leading "Presidential possibility," this has been for reasons affecting his availability, but not his personal qualifications as a statesman. Mr. Burton has, of course, been far from occupying any such place as Mr. Root in the eye of the nation; but he has made a record of unusual merit in both houses of Congress, and his reputation, always solid, has been steadily growing. His retirement from the Senate comes at a time when attention is beginning to be seriously directed towards the shaping of the next Presidential campaign; and signs are not wanting that his name will be one of the foremost, if not the very foremost, in the lists for the Republican nomination. That this hold upon public esteem has been won by a man whose best-known service has lain in resistance to waste of the nation's money, upon grab-bag Rivers and Harbors bills, coupled with earnest and intelligent advocacy of waterways improvement of the right kind, is matter for keen satisfaction.

The Alexander Seamen's bill, a less rigorous measure than La Follette's, becomes law by the President's signature; but it will not be effective for some months, and the delay offers opportunity to adjust matters with foreign nations whose regulations do not harmonize with it. The United States ratified in December the International Convention on Safety at Sea drawn up at London a year ago, but reserved the right to abrogate the agreement in order to impose upon all vessels in American waters higher standards of safety, health, and comfort for seamen and passengers. The task of inducing the other signatory Powers to agree to this modification of the convention is likely to prove difficult; and they are certain to protest against the application to their ships in our ports of some of the provisions in the Alexander bill. The final conference report of March 1 shows that the chief of these provisions is that abolishing arrest and imprisonment as penalties for desertion. The bill also increases the "crew space" from 72 to 120 cubic feet, requires a hospital ward on ships at sea more than three days, and provides for a better scale of food. As for safety, it requires that not less than 75 per cent. of the crew understand any order given by the officers, and that there be life-boats or life-rafts for every person on board, with a fuller complement of able seamen to each than is called for by the London Convention. Some of its humanitarian provisions are admirable; others of its clauses shipowners and foreign officials sincerely think too severe.

Failure to keep the party's pledge of economy is ground for censure of the Democratic Congress which has just adjourned. People whose memory of political events two years old has not completely faded away will recall the flush of enthusiasm with which the new Congress entered upon the task of retrenchment, and the applause with which its maiden efforts were greeted; but it turned out that the beginning was also the end. Nevertheless it is but fair to point out that the way in which figures on this subject are usually treated in popular comment is very misleading. In discussing the growth of Government expenditure, the figures considered should (for almost all purposes) be those of the "ordinary" disbursements of the Government, and should not include the appropriations for the postal service. Roughly speaking, the postal service is self-supporting; and if the money devoted to it has grown from $15,000,000 fifty years ago to $75,000,000 twenty years ago, $150,000,000 ten years ago, and nearly $300,000,000 at the present time, this does not mean an increase of Government extravagance, but the growth of an enormous business.

The conduct of the post-office business is itself, of course, a legitimate subject of criticism; but the point with which we are now concerned is simply that it ought to be kept apart from the general question of Government expenditure. But this is not usually done. "The total appropriations by the Fifty-third Congress, twenty years ago," says the New York *World*, "were $917,000,000. At that time a billion-dollar Congress was thought to be inexcusably wasteful. Of late we have had two-billion-dollar Congresses as a regular thing, and now we are taking leave of one that has made a record of almost two and one-quarter billions." The phrase "billion-dollar Congress" was a misnomer when it first came into use; though, to be sure, the country caught up with it before many years. But the misfit is much greater now, owing to the magnitude of the post-office disbursements—and receipts. The "two-billion-dollar Congresses" of recent years have really been one-and-a-half-billion-dollar Congresses, and the two and a quarter billions appropriated by the Congress just adjourned comprise less than one and three-quarter billions of ordinary expenditures for the two years. This is bad enough, no doubt; but it makes all the difference in the world whether we put in or leave out some three or four hundred millions of increase not properly chargeable as outgo, since it is balanced by income.

Reforms in the consular service made possible by the recent reorganization bill are already in the way of realization. In four weeks a number of new Consulates have been established, and more abolished, so that the total is now 287 instead of 298. The service in South America has been improved by general transfers and promotions, with increases of salary for which the reduction in posts and a slightly larger appropriation bill supplied funds. Among the new offices are those at Sao Paulo, Brazil, and Antofagasta, Chili. It need scarcely be pointed out that the change is of special value at this time. The war will be followed by important trade

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readjustments; and whereas the Senatorial approval of transfers once took years, these can now be made overnight. The creation of new Consulates will be as easy as it has just been in the case of Prince Rupert, B. C. All this makes necessary a more comprehensive knowledge of world trade and a greater organizing ability on the part of both the Consuls and the authorities at Washington.

Two decisions handed down by the Supreme Court on Monday are of similar purport, and both of them of great practical moment to the railways. In both, the principle was asserted that a State has not the right to compel railways to do a given class of business at non-compensatory rates, upon the plea that they derive adequate profit from other parts of their operations. Nor does the Supreme Court countenance the view that, so long as the rate decreed by the State does not involve positive loss, it is free from legal objection. In the West Virginia passenger-rate decision, the law fixing the rate at two cents a mile was declared invalid because under it "the company is forced to carry passengers, if not at or below cost, with merely a nominal reward considering the volume of the traffic affected." In the North Dakota coal case, the State court had held that it is "within the power of the Legislature to reduce rates on a particular article, provided the carriers are enabled to earn a fair profit upon their entire intrastate business"; but the Supreme Court declares that in so segregating a particular commodity or class of traffic, and compelling the carrier "to transport it for less than the proper cost of transportation or virtually at cost," the State "has exceeded its authority." That these decisions are of far-reaching importance is obvious; but it should be added that in the application of the principle to any particular question there is room for great latitude in the method of reckoning the net return which is to be ascribed to a given element of traffic.

In his controversy with Bishop Greer, Gen. Wood indignantly repudiates the assertion that he issued propaganda as to the Army Reserve Legion from his headquarters. But he does not advert to the fact that his aide, Capt. Johnston, gave to the press representatives the original account of the forming of the League; that he, Gen. Wood, gave the League "storage room" for its furniture in the Army Building, and that no word of disapproval from him as to Capt. Johnston's press interviews has as yet appeared. Capt. Johnston, according to the affidavit of Mr. Darwin J. Meserole, admitted the correctness of an interview in which he stated that Gen. Wood heartily approved the Legion. Nothing was said in this interview about its being not Gen. Wood, but Dr. Wood, or Private Citizen Wood, or just plain Leonard Wood, who endorsed the Legion. And if having a Legion launched by your private and personal aide on Government property, backed by reported press interviews—one more on Monday last—does not constitute issuing propaganda from an army headquarters, what can? It is emphatically a time for prompt disciplinary action in Capt. Johnston's case at least, and we trust that the Secretary of War will give it his attention.

The thunder of the Allied guns in the Dardanelles was bound to reëcho in Rome. The *Giornale d'Italia*, the organ of the Salandra Cabinet, in an article summarized in the *Progresso Italiano* of New York, declares that events now under way in the Dardanelles are bound to affect the future status in the eastern Mediterranean, where Italy has a footing as the result of her recent war with Turkey. An "inert attitude" on the part of Italy would compel her to surrender all aspirations in the Levant. The *Giornale* therefore calls upon all Italians to "close up the ranks and hold their souls prepared, since every day that passes may be decisive for our national existence." For months Italy has plainly been closing up her ranks and preparing for eventualities, but the official reason has been that Italy is only preparing for the defence of her neutrality. But if an inert attitude is no longer possible, on which side will Italian pressure make itself felt? Will Italy challenge the Allied control of the Mediterranean, or will she join with the Allies? It is not only the Dardanelles and the Levant that concern Italy. If she is to hold her conquests in North Africa, now menaced by a formidable rebellion in Cyrenaica, the Mediterranean as a whole must be free to her. And it will have to be a very decisive German victory that can wrest the control of the Mediterranean from the Anglo-French fleet.

A Ministerial crisis in Bulgaria is reported from Paris. The story may not be true, but it is based on an approximately correct interpretation of conditions at Sofia. We have the same situation as at Athens: public opinion in favor of entering into the great quarrel, with the King opposed to a policy of adventure. Ferdinand of Bulgaria has much less cause to love the Russians than Constantine of Greece. There is ground for believing that in the intricate game of intrigue which followed the victory of the Balkan League over Turkey, the Russian Government favored Servia as against Bulgaria, and especially against the Bulgarian ruler. There are rumors of a Russian effort to reconstitute the Balkan League with the elimination of Ferdinand. There are other rumors that the Bulgarian army was halted at the Tchatalja lines, not by the inherent difficulties of the march to Constantinople, but by mingled threats and blandishments from Petrograd. But what Bulgarian statesmen must contemplate now is the prospect of an easy march upon Adrianople and the conquest of Thrace and the establishment of a *status quo* which will have to be recognized in the final settlement. Turkey still has some 10,000 square miles of territory in Europe out of which Bulgaria could derive compensation for her losses to Rumania, Greece, and Servia, with the additional prospect that even in Macedonia she might obtain from Servia a share of what she lays claim to as rightfully her own.

Mexico's troubles are black enough, in all conscience, without being made darker by false reports. In the presence of these, it is just as important that the public should keep its head as that the Government should. At such a time as the present, it is inevitable that all kinds of rumors should originate in various parts of Mexico and find their way into the American press. Thus we had the positive statement last week that all the foreign diplomatic officers were leaving Mexico City in a body. But this was speedily denied. Then we were told that, in consequence of the terrible state of things in the Mexican capital, a joint military expedition of the Powers, like that which marched to Peking at the time of the Boxer insurrection, was about to be organized for the rescue of their imperilled nationals in Mexico. This story, too, promptly got its official quietus. If ever there was a case in which facts should be carefully verified before being acted upon, and in which the Government should walk with a wary foot, this Mexican imbroglio is one. Its miserable and tragic aspects are many, and it offers a constant danger to the United States; but all this is only an added reason for being sure we are right before going ahead.

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THE END OF CONGRESS.

Every second March 4 is a kind of little Day of Judgment. Nor is it a serene and all-seeing Jove who pronounces sentence. The judgments given are too apt to be rough and sweeping. The Congress just expired is the most extravagant and inefficient and generally disgraceful that ever sat; or else it is the wisest, bravest, most hard-working and patriotic. As for the President, he is either the sanest, most courageous, and most successful man who was ever in the White House, with the future rosy before him, or else he is the most gigantic failure known to our history, merely awaiting his inevitable eclipse. But this sort of thing is really too easy. Even those who write it and say it do not half believe it. There ought to be at least a slight effort at discriminating judgment. The questions pressing for answer are something like these: How stands it with the Democratic party, after two years of being in power? What is the President's position before the country to-day, compared with what it was on March 4, 1913?

A great obstacle to clear vision exists in the shape of continued business depression. It is as a distorting fog through which most people now look at everything political. Their profits are cut down, their investments shrunken, their burdens and their anxieties increased, so why waste any words about it? A Congress must be wretchedly incompetent that does not make everybody prosperous. How can anybody defend a President who permits thousands of men to be out of work?

This is not exactly good reasoning, but it is the kind of emotion that passes for good reasoning with the great masses. There is no use in protesting against it, for it is always there, a big political fact, with which parties and politicians have to reckon. And that it is the unsatisfactory state of industry and trade which accounts for most of the obloquy cast at the Wilson Administration, no open-eyed observer can doubt. Nor can he doubt that, if these conditions long continue, the Democrats will be swept out of office. The great body of voters do not make nice distinctions in these matters. Theirs not to reason why. Theirs but to vote for the full dinner-pail and a chicken in every workingman's pot.

There is another reason why it is difficult, just now, to see the work of the Sixty-third Congress in the large. It ended with a marked display of confusion and futility. For this, as Senator Root just remarked, the ill-fated Shipping bill was largely responsible. So much time was vainly consumed in the effort to pass this unlucky measure that several other bills had to be sacrificed, in order to prevent an extra session. We did not get Government ships, but we did get the throwing overboard of a number of desirable Government measures. In the process, both Congress and the Administration got a black eye. They stood convicted of gross miscalculation of the political forces, and of the public opinion, arrayed against them, to say nothing worse. For this blunder they have been and will be punished. But that fact should not prevent an impartial mind from looking back to the whole course of legislation during the two years past, and seeing what there is in it that will endure. It is the fashion of Republicans to speak very contemptuously of the new tariff law. They are to make kindling wood of it as soon as they return to power. But one part of that law is the income tax. And concerning this, it is perfectly safe to predict that it will be a permanent part of American taxation. The Republicans will not touch it, except possibly to strengthen and extend it. And as for the bill radically making over our currency and banking system, the opinion of the judicious in all parts of the country is that it was one of the most useful constructive pieces of legislation ever put down to the credit of any Congress. This and other laws must not be omitted when it comes to making up the entire record of the Congress that expired last week.

It is personality, however, that is the most interesting thing in political life, as it is everywhere else in the world, and the subject upon which pens and thoughts are exercised just now, more than upon any other, is the question of the standing of President Wilson. Concerning this, much depends upon what angle we choose, in the past two years of his term, from which to look at his prestige to-day. If we were to place ourselves back at his inauguration, and think how comparatively untried he then was, and how doubtful seemed any great success in office, we should have to confess, if we were honest, that he had risen to a great and unforeseeable pitch of authority and fame. Judged by a later point of view, he has doubtless suffered a certain decline. He does not appear to the country to-day to be so wonderfully a "record-breaker" and a triumph in the Presidency as he seemed a year ago. If anybody is surprised at this unfavorable change, it is probable that Woodrow Wilson is not. He has been too long a close and keen student of the ups and downs of our politics, and of the fortunes of Administrations, to be astonished at what has befallen him. Indeed, one reason why he struck so hard and so successfully in the first year of his Presidency was doubtless his belief that the high authority which he then possessed could not endure. And unless he is without that mental flexibility and political adroitness which his career warrants the conviction that he possesses, he will know how to adjust himself to the conditions which now confront him. One thing is certain. His conduct of the Government throughout the whole crisis of the European war has been such as to win the steadily widening approval and confidence of his fellow-countrymen. It may even be that fate has in reserve for him a great part in the final settlement of the war. But that and all the rest are still on the lap of the gods.

THE GREAT RECONCILIATION.

In the hurly-burly of the closing days of Congress, little notice was taken of a quiet movement of a party kind. Its aim is to complete the return of the Progressives to the Republican fold. There were conferences and dinners at which Progressive lambs like Senator Poindexter and Senator Clapp lay down with such Republican lions as Root and Gallinger. Above all, there was the founding of the "Republican Publicity Association." And who are active in it? Dan Hanna, of Ohio, erstwhile uncompromising Bull Mooser, certified to by the Colonel himself when Hanna was giving to the Progressive campaign another kind of "certification," negotiable at banks. And with him in the enterprise are other Progressives, Gronna of North Dakota and ex-Senator Bourne. The very name of the new organization is happy. "Publicity" is almost synonymous with Progressive; and it seems to imply the speedy abandonment by the Republicans of their old wicked secrecy and "invisible government," which Mr. Roosevelt used so heartily to damn after he had left off having a mind for them.

The chief interest of this whole get-together movement lies in the sudden discovery by leading Progressives that leading Republicans are now Progressives. So much depends upon the point of view! A little while ago, for example, Senator Clapp could not have discovered a particle of Progressiveness in Senator Gallinger. The veteran New Hampshire Republican was then the living symbol of hopeless Bourbonism, about to be repudiated by his own

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State. But now that he has been elected to another term in the Senate, Minnesota takes a closer look at him, and finds that he is not such a desperate reactionary, after all. Even for Penrose the lamp holds out to burn. A charitable Progressive heart might find a soul of goodness in his things evil. He has at least this element of progress about him, that he progressed into another six years in the Senate. Your true Progressive is a practical fellow, at bottom, and is always willing to recognize such hard facts as success and power.

Herein lies the true explanation of the mellowing of the Progressives towards the men against whom but two years ago they were swearing eternal enmity. Eternity is a long time—especially when it is spent out of office. And persistence in enmity depends so much upon whether you are able to beat the other man, or he beats you. These truths have evidently been pondered in the deep-revolving minds of the Progressives. When they vowed that they would die true to their cause and their leader, they did not think that they would live to be Republicans again. And now, come to examine more closely their antagonists, they perceive that the latter are really progressing. That is to say, they are progressive towards office. They are the true Onward Christian Soldiers, marching as to a new term of power with plenty of patronage. Is it to be supposed that genuine Progressives can be kept aloof from such a glorious movement?

The Republicans, on their part, are doing everything to make the return of the Progressives as little shame-faced as possible. Many Progressive Congressmen were present at the dinner given in honor of Mr. Root, and it is said that the New York Senator was never more irresistible in his logic than when he argued that the Progressives ought all to come back. As they had made up their minds to do so, anyhow, the triumph of Root's reasoning was assured. An honorable arrangement should easily be arrived at. The Progressives want office. The Republicans need votes. No diplomat, unless he were a German, charged with the task of welding those two desires into a plan for common action, could be so stupid as to fail to achieve it. Two of the strongest political appetites known to man are waiting to be appeased by a Republican-Progressive union. It is pretty certain that a table heaped with good things—in prospect—will soon be provided. The Republicans will not be too exigent about terms. They are perfectly willing to be called Progressives—that is, provisionally, and merely for the purposes of the next Presidential election.

It is obviously in preparation for that event that all these manœuvrings and *rapprochements* at Washington and elsewhere are being engineered. Congress has now left the stage. President Wilson will inevitably be much in the political limelight from now till next December. By that date, plans for the national campaign ought to be in a forward condition. It is plain that the Republican managers do not mean to let the grass grow under their feet. Flushed with hope, they will make use of their "Publicity" and Progressive annexes, and utilize the business depression for all that can be got out of it—and a trifle more—in order to give the country the impression that they are pressing on to an assured victory. And no Democrat with open eyes can doubt that they will enter the contest next year in formidable strength. A question is whether their present pandering to the Progressives will go so far as to affect very seriously their choice of candidates. In this connection, we may repeat a saying recently attributed to ex-President Taft. A repentant citizen shook him warmly by the hand, and expressed the hope that he might be permitted to vote for him in 1916. "My dear sir," said Mr. Taft, "such a remark is enough to make the Progressive party turn in its grave."

ONE CALAMITY CRY LOOKED INTO.

Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, is something of a manufacturing district; but, since its entire population, according to the last census, is only 169,590, and its leading industries, such as that of the manufacture of hosiery, are of an unexciting character, it does not usually loom large in the nation's thought. One day last December, however, it suddenly put itself on the map; and it has been heard from, at intervals, ever since. On December 24, the Manufacturers' Association of Montgomery County addressed to the President of the United States a letter in which they appealed to him for "relief for the victims of circumstances created by the change in legislative policy at Washington," declaring that "we are now face to face with a condition nothing less than frightening," and drawing a harrowing picture of the desolation wrought by the new tariff. Since that date, the Association has returned to the charge more than once and with unabated vigor; so that Montgomery County has been presenting itself to the country in the rôle of "horrible example" of the havoc of free trade, much as the wretched victim of drink does for the ravages of alcohol.

In the meanwhile, however, the Administration at Washington has been quietly looking into the facts; and the result is presented in the form of a very simple and lucid report made by the investigator to Secretary Redfield. The inquiry covers thirty industrial plants in Montgomery County, including the entire list of twenty-five furnished to the investigator by the Manufacturers' Association, and five others. The results brought out are quite discordant with the shrill note of injury and agony that had been emitted by the Association. For not only do the facts fail to bear out the tale of fearful distress that the Association had presented, but the report brings out essential points in the situation which seem conclusively to show that such depression as does exist in the Montgomery County industries cannot possibly be ascribed to foreign competition caused by the lowering of tariff rates.

As nearly as could be ascertained by the investigator, the number of persons employed in the establishments considered had fallen, in a year, from 5,390 to 4,629. Of this reduction of 761, nearly the whole—namely, 718—had taken place in eight concerns; and a further examination shows that only three of these eight belong to lines of production directly affected by the tariff. These three are manufactories of low-priced cotton hosiery, and the falling off in the number of their employees amounted to 481, which is nearly two-thirds of the whole reduction in the number of employees at work in the factories investigated. Accordingly, our interest centres on the question of the connection between tariff reduction and the depression in the manufacture of cotton hosiery in Montgomery County.

Upon this question a great deal of most interesting light is thrown by the report. In the first place, there has been little or no increase in the importation of cheap cotton hosiery since the enactment of the new tariff. The total importation of cotton hosiery in the fiscal years 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913 was $5,800,000, $3,600,000, $2,800,000, $2,700,000, respectively; in the fiscal year 1914 it was $3,100,000, but of this amount more than $1,900,000 was hosiery of expensive grades. In the second half of the calendar year 1914 the importation of hosiery amounted to only $800,000. On the other hand, the total production of hosiery in the United States amounts to nearly $70,000,000. Comparing these figures, we see how shadowy a basis there is for the

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notion that Montgomery County's hosiery industry has been smothered by a rush of imports from abroad.

So much for the defensive argument—the denial of any apparent reason for ascribing the woes of the Montgomery hosiery men to tariff reduction. But worse remains behind. Not content with dismissing the phantom of foreign competition, the investigator points to the solid and substantial body of home competition as a sufficient explanation of the Montgomery hosiery men's trouble. A table is given of new hosiery mills which went into operation in 1914, classified by States. The total is ninety-four, and no less than forty-two of these have been started in Pennsylvania itself. And in addition to all this, details are given, concerning both the methods of doing business and the peculiarities of changing demand, which on their face seem amply adequate to account for the depression that has been experienced in this particular industry, as carried on in this particular locality. At all events, the burden of proof has been placed upon the Montgomery Association's shoulders with an effectiveness seldom to be found in this kind of controversy.

The psychology of business discontent is very interesting. When the cry of hard times is general, it is idle to dismiss it all as "psychological"; but the element of illusion almost always enters in a marked degree. There is real suffering, real ground for complaint; perhaps a vast amount of it. But the complaining spreads over a far wider area than properly belongs to it, through a process which is unobserved, though simple enough. The man who is hurt cries out; his voice is heard in the land. Yet the man who does just about as well as ever—perhaps even better—seldom shouts his good fortune from the housetops.

ONCE MORE THE BALKANS.

Is it left for Greece to make an end of the unstable equilibrium in the Balkans and the Mediterranean, and to force an alignment of the neutral nations? The resignation of the Venizelos Ministry renders one thing clear: that the Greek nation is overwhelmingly for making common cause with the Allies. With Venizelos stand his former opponents, veterans like Theotokis, Dragoumis, and Rhallis. Their coöperation is important as a sign of the national temper. But without their aid Venizelos could swing the mass of the people. He has been happily called the Cavour of modern Greece. Certainly there are few more impressive careers than that of the Crete lawyer who began by forcing the reunion of that island to Greece, who became the principal mechanician of the Balkan Alliance, who won for his country an unexpected share of the fruits of the common victory over Turkey, and to whom the Greek nation has been looking for the realization of its ultimate aspirations. His retirement from office is a direct challenge to the throne. Will King Constantine, as a constitutional monarch, venture to hold out to the last against the popular will? It is not likely. There may be a dissolution of Parliament and an appeal to the nation, but of the outcome of such an appeal there can scarcely be a doubt. In the last resort the Greek monarch cannot allow the circumstance that his wife is a sister of William II to stand in the way of his own interests and that of his people.

The intervention of Greece, significant in itself, would have still greater bearing on the situation in Bulgaria and Rumania. If these two countries should still remain neutral, the landing of a Greek army on the peninsula of Gallipoli to coöperate with such Allied forces as might be brought up from Egypt and French North Africa, would be decisive of the fate of Constantinople. But once that is assumed, it is plain that Bulgaria cannot afford to remain quiet. She might seize the opportunity to attack Greece, or she might forget the rancors of the last Balkan War and join hands with the Allies for the final settlement of the Turkish account in Europe. That Bulgaria would attack Greece, if the latter joins the Allies, is hardly conceivable under the present circumstances. It would mean the sacrifice of Bulgaria's future to the spirit of revenge. The Bulgarian coast cities on the Ægean, only won the other day, would immediately come under the fire of the Allied fleet. From the north the Rumanian armies would set out once more for Sofia. This is the risk Bulgaria must face; whereas, by foregoing her animosities over Macedonia and joining in the crusade against Constantinople, she makes a bid for a large inheritance in Thrace with Adrianople and down to the Tchatalja lines, against which she threw herself in vain two years ago. With the rest of European Turkey to be parcelled out in the event of victory, there should be little difficulty in arranging the present dispute with Servia over the Macedonian lands. There would be plenty for everybody.

But once we assume a solid Balkan alignment on the side of the Allies, a final reconstruction of the Balkan lands, and with this a determination for years to come of the status in the Mediterranean, there emerges once more Italy. A reshaping of the new boundaries in the Balkans may throw Albania again into the melting-pot, and with that Italy is intimately concerned. The entrance of Greece into the war must bring, in the case of victory, an extension of the Hellenic power over the islands of the Ægean, and Italian aspirations lie there. Finally, if the war should end, as in all likelihood it will end, with the Allied naval power predominant in the Mediterranean, Italy must face the problem of her North African conquests, across a sea controlled by the English and the French, and gripped on one side by British Egypt and on the other side by French Tunis. It is possible that, in so far as her present possessions are concerned, Italy has received guarantees from the Allies. While her aid may be desired, her neutrality is the next best thing the Allies must strive for. So Italy may wait without fear of loss in North Africa. But that she can make additional profits out of rigid neutrality is not likely. This is recognized in the Italian press, which protests against a merely passive attitude in the face of momentous changes in the Near East.

If developments in the eastern Mediterranean should turn out to be the decisive factor in the great war—and the appearance of the southern nations in support of the Allies would probably mean that—the logic of history would be vindicated. It is the Balkans that brought the present conflict into being, and it would be fit that the Balkan nations should be the ones to hasten its termination. For years it has been a question whether Austria and Germany should be the principal legatees of the Turk, or Russia and the Mediterranean nationalities. The chain of events runs straight from the anarchy in Macedonia, fostered by Austrian and Russian jealousy, through the Young Turk revolution, the Balkan wars, and the Sarajevo assassinations. At every point in the Near East Teuton aspirations clashed with those of the rest of Europe. Austria wanted Albania, and came into violent conflict there with Servia, and into diplomatic collision with Italy. Austria wanted Salonica, but Greece is now in possession. In Asia Minor, Germany has her Bagdad development at stake, of more value to her than all her colonies; and there she encountered England

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and Russia. If we regard the present war as a struggle for the survival of the British Empire, or the German Empire, the Mediterranean is of secondary importance. But if the war shall send no empire tottering to its fall, the Mediterranean and Asia Minor hold the prizes that are being fought for.

EASY WAYS WITH HARD QUESTIONS

"If marriage is founded on the affection of two persons for each other, as marriage in America is supposed to be, with the disappearance of such sentiment disappears the only ground for the marriage." In this simple and easy-going settlement of the question of marriage and divorce, there is nothing that is in the slightest degree novel. The view has been expressed again and again upon the platform, in magazines, in books, any time these fifty years and more; and indeed it is so obvious that there can hardly be a man or a woman to whose mind it has not occurred without the aid of any suggestion from the outside. What gave prominence to it the other day, and drew forth the expressions of dissent and condemnation which have appeared in the public press, is not that there was anything new in it, but that it appeared in the report of the sermon of a well-known Episcopal rector in New York, and was taken as the deliberate expression of his position on the subject of divorce.

The persons who confidently put forward these simple solutions of the great questions of life plume themselves on their boldness; and they fancy that their readiness to break away from traditional notions is proof of the freedom and breadth of their intellectual vision. The truth, in most cases, is precisely the opposite. It is not the possession of imagination, but the lack of it, that accounts for their light-hearted self-confidence. Anybody can see that the happiness of a particular John and a particular Mary would be promoted—in many cases that their moral condition, too, would be improved—by a divorce which would free them from a hated union. But it takes a little imagination to realize what would happen to millions of other Johns and other Marys if, instead of growing up under those ideas about marriage which are the heritage of the race, they were to look upon marriage from the outset as a connection to be easily broken—and correspondingly easily entered into.

Not in a year or two, not in a generation or two perhaps, but certainly before very long as human history is counted, the acceptance of the idea that the marriage tie is to hold only so long as the parties to it feel satisfied with the state of their mutual affection would utterly obliterate that profound sense of oneness of husband and wife which is the very heart of the marriage relation. And with this almost everything that is precious, almost everything that is sacred, in human life, is inextricably bound up. Not only the question of divorce is here involved; the multiplication of divorces, serious as would be this evil, would be the least pervasive of the consequences of the new doctrine. The sense of indefeasible everyday duty; that reserve of loyalty which, in thousands of cases, is found ready to be drawn upon in case of need, however far one may have got from love's young dream; the mutual helpfulness, the mutual forbearance, the unquestioning cleaving to each other of husband and wife in life's trials, which now are regarded as merely the plain duty of the plain man and woman, would become matter for determination on sentimental grounds, taking their chances with the ups and downs of ordinary human intercourse. What life would be like under these conditions, how much of it would be left that was worth living, our naïve solvers of life's problems do not give themselves the trouble to consider.

And even the case of the individual John and the individual Mary is not quite so simple as the confident and unimaginative reformer considers it. There are few marriages in which the course of love runs smooth all the time; there are perhaps not many which do not occasionally pass through times of crisis, or of what looks like crisis. But among well constituted persons, the rough places are smoothed over, the crises safely passed through and forgotten. How different would all this be if every lapse, or apparent lapse, of affection were to be thought of as not improbably the beginning of the end! Such thoughts *do* cross people's minds, as it is; but so long as the breaking of the marriage tie is regarded as abnormal—as one of life's tragedies, or at least one of its great and rare misfortunes—the normal man or woman does not nurse and cherish the thought, but gets over it as he does the thought of suicide or other evil notions that may beset him under stress. For, in spite of the constant exploitation of the statistics of divorce, it still remains true—and pretty nearly as true as ever—that normal men and women, with few exceptions, regard marriage as a life-long bond, and do not think of its dissolution as a thing to be contemplated with equanimity.

It is true that statistics show that in this country about one marriage in twelve is terminated by divorce; but the significance of this, while doubtless serious, is not at all what it is often thought to be. It does not mean that when you see the marriage vows being taken by a happy pair that you know all about, the probability is one in twelve that they will end in the divorce court. Just what types of men and women furnish the great bulk of the divorces, it may be difficult to specify; but one has only to think of his own friends and acquaintances to convince himself that among persons who are normal both in character and way of life, and who are placed in circumstances reasonably favorable to a satisfactory life, nothing like such a ratio obtains. One of the things that make for a general loosening of the marriage tie is a mistaken notion that it has already been loosened in a vastly greater degree than is actually the case. Those who enter upon marriage still enter upon it in the spirit of the marriage service—for better for worse, until death do them part; and the breaking down of this feeling would be the first, and the most irremediable, of the mischiefs that would be wrought by the acceptance of the doctrine of easy-going divorce.

Chronicle of the War

Some interesting figures were published by the British Admiralty on March 8, which demonstrate how futile have been the results of the German blockade by submarines of the British coast. The figures cover the six weeks from January 21 to March 3, and thus include the first two weeks of the officially announced blockade. They apply to oversea steamers of more than 500 tons of all nationalities which have entered or left the ports of the United Kingdom, excluding vessels (an enormous number, comprising about one-fifth of the total tonnage of British shipping) employed by the Admiralty. In the six weeks, 4,519 vessels have arrived at, and 4,095 have sailed from, ports of the United Kingdom. Of these, fifteen have been torpedoed, and twenty-nine lives have been lost. It is worth remarking, moreover, that, of the fifteen ships torpedoed, eight, according to the Admiralty report, were lost previous to February 18, the day on which the "blockade" came into force. If we put these figures in the form of percentages, we discover that, of the 8,614 merchant vessels of more than 500 tons which have entered or left ports of the United Kingdom during a period of six weeks, less than one-fifth per cent. have been destroyed as a result of the activity of German submarines. Since March 3 four other vessels have been sunk.

Clearly, in results achieved the "blockade"

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has not been an unqualified success. Furthermore, its maintenance has proved somewhat costly to Germany. Since February 18 two Zeppelins have been lost, and at least one submarine, the U-8, which was sunk by destroyers on March 3. There is a strong probability that other submarines have also been lost. One was rammed by the Thordis on February 28 and is believed to have been sunk, although this is contradicted by German reports, and two other merchant vessels have also claimed the honor of sinking a submarine. In all, some ten or a dozen British merchantmen of small tonnage have been lost since the declaration of the "blockade"—a price which Great Britain can afford to regard as a small one to pay for the destruction of two Zeppelins and a couple of submarines.

The attack by the Allied fleet on the Dardanelles has progressed steadily during the past week. An exhaustive report of the operations was published by the British Admiralty on Monday, from which it appears that two forts at the narrows, Fort Rumilieh Medjidieh i Tabia, on the European side, and Fort Hamidieh i Tabia, on the Asiatic side, were destroyed on March 6 and 7. The method by which these results were achieved is of exceptional interest, as further emphasizing the superiority of big guns over fortifications. The new British super-Dreadnought Queen Elizabeth, with her fifteen-inch guns, was able by indirect fire to bombard these forts from the Ægean side of the Gallipoli Peninsula, at a range of between eleven and twelve miles. Her attack was replied to by field guns from the shore, but, though three shells struck her, it is stated that no damage was done. Simultaneously, from inside the straits other battleships bombarded the forts nearer to the entrance, Suan Dere, on the European side, and Mount Dardanus, on the Asiatic. On the following day the inner forts at the entrance to the narrows were bombarded by direct fire, and their reduction completed, and at the same time Fort Dardanus was silenced. Meanwhile, from the Gulf of Saros the Isthmus of Bulair, at the neck of the Gallipoli Peninsula, has been kept under constant bombardment, and while this narrow stretch of land is commanded by the ships of the Allies, communication of Turkish troops in the Peninsula with Constantinople is cut off. The port of Smyrna, on the coast of Asia Minor, has also been under bombardment by the East Indian Squadron, under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Peirse, and some of the forts have been silenced.

The situation on the eastern front is, as we write, somewhat obscure. Both Berlin and Petrograd have been chary of late of giving out definite information, and from that fact, and from the bare Russian statement on March 7 that "in the region of the Pilica the fighting is assuming the character of a great battle," we may expect in the course of the next week to learn of developments of considerable importance in this region. That the German offensive from East Prussia has definitely spent itself, seems to be assured. All along the line in Northern Poland the Russians appear to have resumed the offensive. Ossowiec is still besieged, but there are no longer hints in the Russian dispatches of fears for its safety. The Germans have retreated from Grodno, and in this quarter the Russians assert officially that they won a considerable victory, the Germans having retreated to the marshy land around Augustowo. A vigorous offensive has been conducted along the line of the Rozoga and Pissa Rivers, between Myszyniec and Kolno, and the German troops defeated at Przasnysz have fallen back in the direction of Mlawa and Janow almost to their own frontier. Similarly, at the southern end of the long battle line, in the Carpathians, Galicia, and Bukowina, the offensive undertaken by the Teutonic Allies coincidently with their operations in East Prussia, appears to have broken down. Along the ridges of the Carpathians the Russian troops have held their own. They are reported to be advancing from the Dniester, and to be on the point of reoccupying Czernowitz. It is probable that in the renewed activity observed south of the Vistula, in the region of the Pilica, we have Field-Marshal von Hindenburg's answer to recent Russian successes on both flanks. If this movement represents a new drive at Warsaw, it is intended to prevent the Grand Duke Nicholas from assuming a dangerous offensive in another direction, possibly a renewed attempt against Cracow.

Foreign Correspondence

GERMANY AND THE UNITED STATES—PROBABLE DURATION OF THE WAR—"DER TAG"—TOSSING THE PANCAKE AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, February 20.

Within the last few days a notable change has taken place in the attitude of Germany at bay against the civilized world. Hitherto the object of her bitterest enmity, her most venomous threats, has been England. Just now, in answer to firm but courteous protest against what an influential New York paper describes as "a declaration of war against the whole world," the hottest vials of her wrath have turned upon America. Up to the present time official communications with Washington are conducted in the ordinary terms of diplomacy. But the press is unbridled in its vituperation, insistent that "bold action" shall be taken. One paper credited with semi-official authority declares that the United States has no army, that her fleet dare not approach within gunshot of German ports, and that therefore it would be quite safe to treat her remonstrance with contumely.

Punch, which has the habitude of crystallizing the political situation in a cartoon, this week presents a picture showing the Teuton Troubadour serenading fair Columbia, whose face and figure are shadowed on the blinds of her boudoir. In his left hand he holds a mandolin. In his right he grasps a brick labelled "Piracy," which he is about to fling at the window. Below is a legend: "If she won't listen to my love-songs, I'll try her with a brick." The swift transformation is certainly made the more striking by recollection of the fulsome compliments and protestations of friendship recently made by Germany as a part of her campaign to check American sympathy with the Allies.

The speeches of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the First Lord of the Admiralty, delivered on Monday in an exceptionally crowded House of Commons, were notable among other things for the quiet assurance of the ultimate success of the Allied arms that ran through them, an unbroken chord. There was no boasting or display of vainglory, just a quiet assurance based upon substantial facts. In detailing preparations for financing the war in conjunction with France and Russia, Mr. Lloyd George talked of millions of pounds as if they were handfuls of the new £1 note, which, born in a moment of emergency, has evidently come to stay. Indeed, he got as far as billions, informing the undisturbed representatives of the British taxpayer that by December 31, should the war continue so long, a couple of these rarely mentioned figures would have been expended.

Signs are observable in varied quarters of increasing belief in the termination of the war within the limits of the current year. The Prime Minister, a man of exceptionally shrewd judgment, with the fullest information at his disposal, in a speech delivered in the House of Commons the other night interpolated a casual remark to the effect that it might be over sooner than some people thought. In private conversation he is even more definite in hints in that direction. Among the prophets of optimistic tendencies October is the favorite month named as likely to see the close of the titanic struggle. As the Chancellor of the Exchequer pointed out on Monday night, up to the present time the Allies have been fighting the fully mobilized strength of Germany with less than one-third of their potential forces. The month of April will, according to expectation and ordered plan at the War Office, see an additional force of a million men placed under command of Gen. French. By the same date France will bring into the fighting line large reinforcements now approaching completion of training. There will remain full measure of the summer months during which fighting will go on under most favorable climatic conditions. October will usher in another winter campaign, from the prospect of which shuddering humanity shrinks appalled.

I think that black bread is destined to form a humble but potent part in the reëstablishment of peace. Hitherto, as their newspapers, public speeches, and private conversation reported show, the German nation has been kept in ignorance of the actual doings and immediate prospects of the war. When prisoners captured in the fight off the Dogger Bank were landed in Scotland and told they would be interned at Edinburgh, they laughed their informant to scorn. They knew very well that Edinburgh had long been in the hands of their triumphant army. It is, however, a different thing when black bread becomes a part of their daily life and is so precious that it is doled out in inadequate quantities obtainable only on presentation of a Government ticket. Even to the professorial mind this can mean only one thing. The dream of conquest with which the Kaiser set forth on the war-path is dissolved. Instead of once more occupying Paris, invading Russia, and proceeding at comparative leisure with absolute certainty to crush England, Germany herself is held in the grip of the Allies and cannot import food and other absolute necessaries of life. Pressure in this direction will inevitably increase and may

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reach a point at which a hungry people will rise in revolt against the military caste which, long left unbridled, has wrought their ruin.

To-day, "Der Tag," known here as Pirates' Day, has no terror for British merchant vessels, threatened with destruction by German submarines "without its always being possible to warn the crew or passengers of the dangers threatened." Business is being carried on as usual, save that special precautions will be taken to circumvent the lurking foe. Inquiries made among shipping companies having their headquarters in London do not report a single case in which established sailing orders have been altered. It is probable that the same state of things exists at Liverpool and other great ports throughout the country. The chairman of one of the largest ocean-going passenger lines tells me that from to-day written instructions will be given to the captain of every one of their ships starting on a voyage to keep a sharp lookout for submarines, and upon the periscope of one appearing above the water to go for it full speed with intent to run it down. In such case the submarine will, of course, dive downwards, and, if it has luck, avoid danger. But the depth of these great liners is so far-reaching that in passing over the place whence the submarine has disappeared, her keel may strike it. The situation is illustrated by the fate of the English submarine A-1, which some years ago was run down and sunk off Southampton by a passing liner. There was no sign of her above the waterline. But the keel of the liner caught her as she was sinking to comparative safety.

It is pleasant to turn for a moment from the cruel war devastating wide tracts of the Continent to contemplate a bout of mimic warfare taking place at home. It was the fight for the pancake at Westminster School, which took place on Shrove Tuesday in accordance with a custom that dates back certainly as far as the time of Queen Elizabeth. At half-past twelve the schoolboys and a circle of invited guests gathered at the lower end of the ancient schoolroom. Formerly the spacious hall was divided by a curtain, the Upper School screened at one end, the Lower at the other. The curtain has long disappeared, but the iron bar from which it hung remains. It is over this bar that every Shrove Tuesday the school cook tosses the pancake, which, falling on the other side, is scrambled for by the boys. The one who succeeds in clutching it and, more or less successfully, conveying it to a place of safety between his waistcoat and his shirt, is rewarded with a prize of a guinea bestowed by the Dean of Westminster.

A few minutes after half-past twelve on Tuesday the cook, dressed in white apron and cap, preceded by the beadle, entered, carrying in his right hand a frying-pan, in which rested the coveted pancake. Amid breathless silence he advanced, passing through the line of boys standing like hounds in a leash awaiting the flight of the pancake over the bar. Soon it came, falling as flat as an ordinary pancake on the floor of the empty space. Like a flash of lightning the boys were upon it, first-comers lying flat on the floor, the others writhing and kicking on top of them, all grabbing for the pancake already crushed in the bosom of the victor. The headmaster, watch in hand, stood looking on. Formerly the fight was allowed to proceed for two minutes. In more humanitarian times sixty seconds is justly thought sufficient.

Poetry

A REVIEW OF RECENT VOLUMES.

Complete Poems. By S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Co. $2 net.

You and I. By Harriet Monroe. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

The Poet and Nature and the Morning Road. By Madison Cawein. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton. $1 net.

America. By W. J. Dawson. New York: John Lane. $1.25 net.

Beyond the Breakers. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.25 net.

Pagan Poems. By Franklin Henry Giddings. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.

Songs of the Dead End. By Patrick Macgill. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

From the Outposts. By Cullen Gouldsbury. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.

Songs of the Outlands. By Henry Herbert Knibbs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Little Old Belgium. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. Philadelphia: Altemus. 50 cents net.

"Tid' Apa." By Gilbert Frankau. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 75 cents net.

Sea Songs and Ballads. Selected by Christopher Stone. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1s. net.

The Gypsy Trail: An Anthology for Campers. Compiled by Pauline Goldmark and Mary Hopkins. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

Dr. Mitchell was a poet of real charm. His poetry in relation to his own life was autumnal; he voiced in 1880 or in 1910 the ideals which had animated the generations between 1800 and 1870. He was thus in the position of a man whose audience was dispersing before he started to speak, and his voice had not quite the power to arrest it. Few people, therefore, realize how delicately and variously appealing that voice was, how persuasively it leads us back to that mid-century America when the autumn of a faith so happily coincided with the springtime of a literature.

The technique is, broadly speaking, irreproachable: no solecisms, no improprieties, no infractions of metre, no violations of taste. To those whose maxim in criticism is "the more taste the less savor," this praise may sound ominous, but Dr. Mitchell is no debonair or lady-like nullity. Here is admirable positive talent: thoughts, images, language, each strong of its kind; the flux—let me rather say the effluence or the lapse—of all three is various, copious, and unceasing. Here is tenderness with that rare associate, *esprit;* the wit is sheathed in grace, and the very benignity is pointed. French talents never draped themselves more gracefully round an English or New-English constitution.

Dr. Mitchell's power is unobtrusive, and the real vivacity which his lyrics disclose but hardly exhibit is half lost in a general effect of mellowness, almost of placidity. To appreciate his vigor, I turn to his dramatic legends or episodes, and am content to leave aside his English sketches which amble along unconcernedly like full-fed and slow-paced palfreys, and to come at once to his nimble and glancing portrayals of Latin races under the inspiration and provocation of the Renaissance. "The Miser," I think, would please Percy MacKaye, and "François Villon," in its bright and tingling insolence, savors almost of Richepin—a Richepin cognizant of the Old South and duly considerate of the young girl. Let me set down a brief passage quoted long ago:

Miser—The lips I love
Betray me not at each new gallant's suit.
What are thy charms to these!
Walks across the room, and returns with a casket of gold coins. . . .
See, this and this!
Shows her gold medals.
Hast thou the eyes of Egypt's haughty queen?
Those eager lips that kissed a world away?
Lo, here Zenobia—wisdom, beauty, grace,
Match me this warrior maid—this huntress lithe
Set in the changeless chastity of gold.
Woman—Their lips are cold. A ducat for a kiss!

If it be asked why this exquisite talent is denied a place in the small first rank of American poets, the answer, possibly, may be found in the word literature. To these engaging, versatile, sinewy poems, literature is not only mother, as it clearly should be, but father also—a place which in supreme work is claimed by life itself. The phase of thought and feeling which begat these poems is—temporarily at least—extinct, and they lack that commanding originality which secures poets from the mutability of cycles. "Barabbas," the best of the poems, is the single ascent to greatness, the illuminative exception which reveals the inadequacy, by the highest standards, of the other vigorous and elevated works. The other poems are the voice of literature tinctured with humanity; "Barabbas" is the voice of humanity itself.

In Miss Monroe's new volume, I find worthiness, large-mindedness, generosity, the repudiation of levities and laxities, the serious facing of serious things by a spirit never forgetful of beauty. The execution is notably strong. Miss Monroe commands that pointed expressiveness which the poverty of language obliges us to dishonor with the name of rhetoric. She coins rememberable phrases: "Nothing shall be impossible to man." She achieves penetrating and passionate lyricism in the following stanza on the sea, which I have laid away in my memory for my refection in hours of solitude:

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They have won her, she harks to their wooing,
The love of ten thousand years,
The suing, the wild undoing,
The faith unto death, the tears.
Oh, their glory her song shall be;
Soft, soft is the kiss of her lips!
They go down to the sea in ships,
In ships they go down to the sea.

Is anything left for the critic to do but to throw aside all reserve in the acclamation of a work so strong both in matter and in art? At this point I hesitate. I see the two halves of a genius clearly; I do not quite make out the whole. If I may borrow a simile from Panama, on which Miss Monroe is eloquent, I would say that the neck of land which precludes these two large and complemental excellences from interfusion has never been completely severed. I weigh Miss Monroe by the highest standards; she deserves the homage of severity. With her, as with that other remarkable woman, Miss Amelia Burr, I feel sometimes that the spirit rather inhabits than informs its house, that the materials, excellent as such, are not quite tractable, not quite plastic, to the subduing breath of a resistless impulse. Substance and form are united in partnership rather than marriage.

In "The Woman," perhaps the profoundest utterance in the volume, the suffrage is nobly pictured as the expansion of motherhood to include all mankind in its widening embrace. Here the author rather strikes a chord than achieves a poem; the chord, however, has been struck inspiringly.

The posthumous volume of the regretted Madison Cawein contains two distinct works. One of these, "The Morning Road," is a collection of hitherto unpublished poems which will hardly reinforce his fame. The other is an unpretending prose narrative in the course of which many earlier poems of Mr. Cawein are read to three boys on a vacation for the improvement of their taste in poetry. At the thought of this experiment I shiver: I think it unfair to the boys, and unfair, not less evidently, to Mr. Cawein. A prescription—no matter how savory—is so likely to be confounded with a dose.

Mr. Cawein knows the Kentucky landscape—rather better, I suspect, than he knows the Kentucky schoolboy—and dwells with it upon terms of affectionate intimacy. He has knowledge and he has imagination; both of these are half-hidden under the exuberance of a fancy more prolific than either.

The impression he leaves is one of vibrating and scintillating bewilderment; I cannot see the woods for the humming-birds. He lacks syntax, or rather favors a gadding syntax; his sentences, like his conceptions, take the form of a rich, lax, spreading enmeshment, opening to take in what you please, mushroom or lichen, or whippoorwill, or thunderstorm, or moonrise, with impartial promiscuity. Latin fauns and Gothic fairies are equally prominent in his Kentucky landscape, in which neither of them is indigenous. I quote the following vigorous sketch of Pan, in which real imagination is weakened here and there by the glittering incrustations of fancy:

Between a mighty tree and rock,
Dim in a ray of moonlight thin,
I saw Pan sitting, wild of lock,
His huge hands resting on his chin,
Where crickets made a drowsy din.
His beard poured down a waterfall
Before him; and his moss-like hair
Rolled silence 'round him like a wall
Around a tower brown and bare:
His tree-like limbs, that spanned the stream,
His shoulders, like an eagle's lair,
Loomed, lichen-mottled: and the gleam
Of fireflies streamed into the air
From out the starlight of his stare.

Mr. Dawson's "America," prettily inscribed to his son and fellow-singer, Coningsby Dawson, culminates perhaps in the distinguished poem entitled "Extreme Unction." Here, in the death-hour of a repentant Magdalen, the mysticism of forsaken voluptuousness colors—I do not say stains—the mysticism of the austere penitent, and the intonations of the sybarite are heard as undernotes in the chant of the devotee. Two stanzas may imperfectly suggest its subdued ecstasy.

Next on my lips thy sign I make,
Full crimson lips they always were
That smiled a little when they spake,
(Dear God, how sweet the face of her!)
Porches of languor, doors of pain
Wherefrom Love turns in fear and flies,
[flees?]
Crying, "The clouds pursue the rain,
What pleasure have I now in these?"

Doors that are shut forevermore,
For mourners go about the street;
Red lips that blossomed kisses bore
In far-off days when Love was sweet;
Red flowers that fall at last to dust,
Trodden beneath the feet of men,
Lo, He is near, Who blessed the trust
And took the kiss of Magdalen!

Mr. Dawson discloses that sincere religious feeling which is made precious in our time by its gradual disappearance. Sometimes, as in the "Grecian Altar" poem, he gives us sentiments that suggest Herbert in metres that recall Swinburne: he serves the eucharist in an amphora.

Were "Beyond the Breakers" a first volume, its promise would be electrifying. But, as Mr. Sterling's fourth poetic adventure, it scarcely reassures us. The author merely exclaims: his exclamations are lusty, musical, sonorous; but, in a fourth volume, one should have begun to articulate. Sometimes, in "Willy Pitcher," for instance, he touches the edge of speech, but the voice is faintly heard in the general bigness and resonance of his poetry, like a spoken word lost in the roar of a cataract. The ear, if it likes, may find a certain intoxication in phrases like:

Her lips a consternation to the soul
And scarlet trumpets pealing through the blood.

Only a half-inch, as it were, divides the passage from sublimity, but in poetry it is often just these half-inches that are impassable.

The fact that a man of science should write verse sparingly, for the love of it, is more poetic perhaps than any single strain in Mr. Giddings's compact volume. Without tressing unduly this brief excursion into verse, it may be honestly said that the poetry, at its best, lacks neither sincere feeling nor delicacy of phrasing; it is part of the lovable irony of things that the specific virtue in "Song" (which I incline to rank first among the poems) should be airiness. This charm, in a scientist's by-play, refreshes us with a glimpse of unconfessed possibilities; it betrays the hidden riches of the universe.

Robust and adventurous verse expands in volume. "Songs of the Dead End," the work of an ex-navvy, shows a notable, at times almost a maudlin, exuberance of rhyme, and a surprising command of the long, loping, hurrying lines to which Mr. Kipling's early ballads gave currency and prestige. In spite of flat places and rough places and raw places, these poems are not destitute of literary force. Their documentary value is not extraordinary. While the specifications are sometimes intimate and exact, almost every view, every attitude of Mr. Macgill in relation to the class from which he has emerged has been foreshadowed by writers of the class into which he has mounted. Has Mr. Macgill borrowed the views, with the habits, of educated men, or have our middle-class diviners, Kipling, Masefield, Galsworthy, so successfully fathomed the proletariat that a voice from the authentic depths is no longer strikingly instructive?

Mr. Cullen Gouldsbury sketches South Africa in realistic ballads of fluctuant inspiration, which are sincere as speech, if not as poetry.

Mr. Knibbs, sometimes unkempt, sometimes dapper, in the handling of his Western-American poems, really interests us by the outleap of occasional phrases "with a grip on the mane of life." I do not mean to deny other merits to Mr. Kauffman's verse in saying that his happiest inspiration is his title, "Little Old Belgium"—a translation, he tells us, of the Belgian soldier's "Belgique *la petite vieille*." "Tid' Apa," reprinted from the *English Review*, baits its hook with two attractions: first, circumstantiality in accounts of repulsive prostitution; secondly, an unbelievable act of Hugoesque magnanimity. To this piquant combination one obvious criticism applies. A love of truth not strong enough to exclude the pyrotechnics of romantic generosity is too weak to justify the inclusion of the revolting actualities of a brothel.

"Sea Songs and Ballads" and "The Gypsy Trail" are each distinguished by a not uninteresting novelty. The former escapes from the anthological thoroughfare by the admission of vigorous, anonymous, half-doggerel sea-verse of the sixteenth and proximate centuries. The latter includes French, German, and even Latin poems in the original; the reader for whom Virgil is impracticable may console himself with Miss Edith Wyatt.

O. W. Firkins.

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Canon Cheyne

ENGLAND'S NOTED BIBLICAL SCHOLAR.

By MORRIS JASTROW, JR.

Within a year England has lost her two leading Biblical scholars—on February 26, 1914, Driver, and now Professor Cheyne, who passed away on February 16, 1915, after many years of invalidism, which, however, did not prevent him from continuing heroically his scholarly labors. Driver was much the younger man and really the pupil of Canon Cheyne, and, though master and pupil in later years did not always agree in their scholarly opinions, the work of both men was marked by a thorough scientific and critical method in the study of the Old Testament and by the courage they displayed in setting forth their views, which in so many respects ran directly counter to traditional and conventional opinion about the age and the composition of the books of the Old Testament. Of the two men Canon Cheyne was the bolder critic, and, beginning his activity about fifteen years before his distinguished pupil, bore the brunt of the opposition which the new school of Biblical criticism naturally encountered in England, as elsewhere.

The outward facts of the life of this great scholar—one of the greatest that England has ever produced—may be briefly told. Born in London on September 18, 1841, he received his education at the Merchant Taylors School, from which he entered Worcester College, Oxford. From Oxford he went to Göttingen, where he received the inspiration for his life from the great Biblical and Semitic scholar, Heinrich Ewald, who had the privilege of being the teacher also of the two leading Semitists of Germany at the present time, Theodor Noeldeke and Julius Wellhausen. On returning to England he became a fellow of Balliol College in 1868, and taught as college lecturer until the year 1880. In 1885 he became the Oriel professor of interpretation of Scripture and Canon of Rochester, both positions being held by him until 1908, when increasing ill-health obliged him to tender his resignation. At no time in his life a strong man, his indefatigable labors exhausted his vitality long before old age should have set in, and it was a constant source of amazement to his friends that during the last ten years or more, with impaired eyesight and bodily infirmities, his mind should have retained its clearness and that his powers of work should have remained unimpaired.

He established his reputation by a number of works on the Book of Isaiah, which, beginning with the year 1868, culminated in his remarkably original and comprehensive work on the "Prophecies of Isaiah," which appeared in two volumes, 1880-1881. This work at once took the high rank which, despite further progress in the interpretation of Isaiah since its appearance, it still maintains as an exposition of fundamental importance from the point of view of philology, of exegesis, and of historical illumination. Professor Cheyne went further than any of his predecessors in his critical analysis of the sixty-six chapters which pass under the name of Isaiah, and recognized, in addition to the so-called First and Second Isaiahs, the independent origin of a considerable number of chapters. The so-called Second Isaiah, comprising chapters 40 to 66, thus was shown to consist of a number of groups of independent origin dating from various periods; and similarly he demonstrated that in the first thirty-nine chapters prophecies had been introduced that belonged to various periods after Isaiah. Zangwill once wittily put it that Cheyne, having no children of his own, adopted six little Isaiahs.

The storm of opposition aroused by Canon Cheyne's radical exposition increased with the appearance of his great work on the "Origin and Religious Content of the Psalter" (1891), which may be designated also as the high-water mark of his productive scholarship. A feature of Canon Cheyne's writings is the exceedingly considerate manner in which he presents his results while not yielding in any way to the natural temptation, in view of his position in the English Church, to take off the keen edge of the criticism. All his instincts were towards conservatism (as were those of the great Dutch critic, Abraham Kuenen), but Cheyne recognized the inevitableness of the course of Biblical studies, and with this the necessity on the part of the Church, whether in England or elsewhere, of coming to some kind of an understanding with the results of critical study that were as definite and as permanent as human efforts could be. It was no easy task for a man of Canon Cheyne's disposition to accustom even his own mind to the thought that virtually all the traditional views held of the Psalter had to be set aside to make room for a reconstruction which leaves little place for David, and assumes within the Psalter a development of religious thought that begins several centuries after David and extends far down into the post-exilic age, up to and even beyond the second century before this era. In the introduction to his work on the Psalms he admits us into his own mental workshop, and one must admire the gentle spirit revealing itself in these pages and endeavoring to lead others into the path which he, after much mental anguish, had opened up for himself. He retained throughout his career a strong human sympathy which prompted him, even when engaged in the most abstruse scientific investigation, to present his results in such a way that those clinging to traditional views might be led to be more sympathetic towards the critical position which he, as a great scholar, knew was the inevitable one.

Those who wish to obtain a view of Cheyne's personality which he was not apt to reveal to the occasional visitor should turn to his "Founders of Old Testament Criticism," published in 1894, which, apart from its intrinsic value as a survey of the course of Biblical studies, shows us how Cheyne himself endeavored to bring about a harmony between his religious views and his critical studies. Withal, and despite a certain circumlocution in language which sometimes impresses one as naïve, it would be an error to picture Canon Cheyne as timid. There was not a trace of such a disposition in his make-up, and he calmly bore throughout his career more opposition and hostility than most of us could endure. He never faltered and he never hesitated to speak out. As a scholar he was as unflinching as he was conscientious, and it was merely his strong desire to lead the church to which he was attached, gently into the new path that prompted him in the exposition of his thought to be considerate and perhaps unduly reverent towards traditional points of view.

Possibly the most enduring monument of his scholarship is the "Encyclopedia Biblica" (4 volumes, 1899-1903), of which he was not only the joint editor but to which, in addition to contributing a large number of articles, he gave the bulk of his time for many years in revising and adding important notes and comments to the work of his many contributors. This Biblical Encyclopædia, which ranks as a leading critical authority in all parts of the world, was originally planned by the late Robertson Smith, and it was largely in the spirit of the latter that the undertaking was finally carried to completion. Yet the whole work bears throughout the impress not only of Canon Cheyne's personality, but of his remarkably keen and acute scholarship. The necessarily definite form of articles in an encyclopædia gave him the opportunity of indicating, in the case of hundreds of topics, the results of modern studies in a manner which unfolded even for the specialist new points of view. The unity which is a feature of this critical encyclopædia, despite the fact that Canon Cheyne and J. S. Black (the other editor) had a long array of contributors to help them, is due entirely to this one man, so that when scholars turn to the "Encyclopedia Biblica" they feel throughout that it is essentially the work of Canon Cheyne. The herculean labor which Cheyne bestowed upon the encyclopædia revealed, however, to the scholars' world, to a much more alarming degree than before, the extent to which a special theory of Hebrew history which Cheyne gradually developed had influenced his point of view. It is a somewhat painful subject, upon which, however, it is necessary to touch even in a short sketch of Canon Cheyne's career.

Accepting a theory, first proposed by the late Prof. Hugo Winckler, that many of the references to Mizraim in the Old Testament have reference not to Egypt, but to a province, Musri, in northern Arabia, Canon Cheyne made this the point of departure for developing the thesis that the early religious history of Israel bears the stamp impressed upon it by a prolonged sojourn in this province of Musri. The entire story of the Egyptian period of Hebrew history thus resolves into a confusion between two names to which afterwards legend and tradition added other features. Now, since the name Yerachmeel is mentioned a number of times in genealogical lists of the Judean clans (though we know nothing further about Yerachmeel than this), Canon Cheyne reached the conclusion that the cult of Yerachmeel was the starting point which led through certain stages to the religion of Yahweh. Plunging deeper and ever deeper into this theory, on the basis of which he endeavored to reconstruct the early religious history of Israel, he saw Yerachmeel everywhere—staring at him, as it were, on every page of the Old Testament. In order, however, that others might see it he was obliged to have recourse to the most radical changes in the text, which, according to his theory, had been largely corrupted through the desire to remove the traces of the older Yerachmeel cult and all that went with it. Thus Ishmael became a substitute for Yerachmeel, Amalek a corruption for Yerachmeel, and even Yahweh was in many cases the later substitute for Yerachmeel. He went so far as to suggest that Abraham was a disguise for Yerachmeel, and that the Decalogue originally read, "I am Yerachmeel, thy god, who led thee out of the land of Musri."

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With Musri he associated another province in northern Arabia, which he called Ashshur, and the famous utterance in Exodus iii, 14, "ehyeh asher ehyeh" ("I am who I am") became "I am Ashshur," and correspondingly "Ashshur has sent me to you"—the name of the province and the name of the patron deity being identical.

In his Prologue to "Critica Biblica" (1905) he seeks to justify his radical textual criticism, and in his "Decline and Fall of the Kingdom of Judah" (1908), as well as in his two most recent works, "Traditions and Beliefs of Ancient Israel" and "The Two Religions of Israel," the latter appearing only a few months before his death, he makes the endeavor—pathetic in the light of his former really great achievements—actually to reconstruct the entire development of religious thought among the Hebrews in accordance with his strange theory. I call the endeavor pathetic, because it furnishes a sad illustration of the extent to which even the greatest scholars may be led astray by pressing a theory which may not be without a certain value, but which becomes a veritable mare's nest when pushed beyond very definite and very modest lines.

To state the theory as baldly as has been done here is not to do justice to it, for it is defended by the great scholar who has passed away with a skill and ingenuity in combination with a learning and earnestness that challenge admiration. The phase of the theory that strikes an outsider as least sound, namely, the violent textual changes which it involves, is by no means its weakest feature, for if the existence of an influential Yerachmeel cult could be proved from other sources it would be perfectly natural, by that silent process which adapts early traditions to later conditions, that traces of such a cult should become disguised. The greater and the real difficulty, forming also the vital objection to the theory, is that the proof furnished by Winckler for a confusion between Mizraim (Egypt) and a north Arabian province Musri (the existence of which is not absolutely certain) is deficient; and as for a Yerachmeel cult, we have absolutely no authentic sources for the existence of such a widespread worship, nor even if it existed for the presumption that the early religion of the Hebrews was identical with it.

Canon Cheyne passed away in the firm belief that his theory would one day be accepted. He defended it, not as a fanatic, but calmly and always in a dignified manner. Occasionally there was a tone of disappointment in what he wrote, but only occasionally, and the tone never became bitter. He was always fair towards his opponents, even towards those of whom he knew that they poured ridicule on his views. To the end of his days he preserved his marvellous habit of reading literally everything that appeared connected with his subject, and there was no living scholar within his field who could be so depended upon to do justice to any view brought forward by any earnest scholar as could Canon Cheyne.

His last years must have been particularly sad. When I saw him last in 1908, at the time of the Third International Congress for the History of Religions, in Oxford, he was already unable to move about, but nevertheless came to one of the reunions wheeled in a chair. When, a few years later, I passed his house in South Elms Row, overlooking the Park, the answer to my inquiry about his health was that he was too ill to see any one that day. His mind alone seemed to retain its vitality. As long as he was able to retain a pen in his hand he continued his work, waiting patiently for the day when he would be released from his task. The last of three great English Biblical scholars has passed away, and it will be long before we shall again see such a triumvirate as Robertson Smith, Driver, and Cheyne. There are, however, a host of younger scholars in Great Britain, pupils of one or the other of these three men, who are carrying on scholarly work of a high order, so that the new era of Biblical studies inaugurated during the past generation is certain of retaining a firm hold in England as well as elsewhere.

Bertrand Russell

THE REVIEWER REPLIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read with close attention, in the *Nation* of February 18, the calm and unprejudiced replies of Prof. Ralph Barton Perry and Prof. Albert R. Chandler to my prejudiced and irritated review of Bertrand Russell on "Our Knowledge of the External World," and I beg to offer the following reply:

First, in reply to Mr. Perry's complaint that the review gives no information about Mr. Russell and his place in present-day philosophy, I shall remind him that in the opening sentence the reader was referred to a notice of a previous work by Mr. Russell in the *Nation* of February 19, 1914. Had Mr. Perry made use of this reference, he would have found an article of 3,500 words which, amid adverse criticism, stated Mr. Russell's position and paid an unstinted tribute to his brilliancy of mind and of style.

In reply to the charge of prejudice, I will say that this reviewer cannot pretend to be unprejudiced; he is satisfied if he can state his prejudices clearly. The prejudice underlying the review of Mr. Russell (blasé historicism) I shall state in the words of an architect, noted for the eccentricity of his designs, who once said to me: "You may break all the rules of architecture if you have mastered them." Mr. Russell may despise all the philosophers if he can show that he understands them. But this must be shown. It matters not how briefly or how far by mere implication, he must indicate, at least to the initiated, that he is aware of the questions that will be asked on the part of existing opinion and is prepared to answer them. And this obligation becomes greater the more sweepingly he condemns existing opinion and the more of truth or of novelty he claims for his own view.

So much for the prejudice; now for the facts. My criticism of Mr. Russell was not merely that he was attempting to reform philosophy by scientific method—which, if you please, was to stand not merely for progress, but for finality; nor yet that he was making this attempt in apparent unconsciousness of the number of times it had been made before. Mr. Perry sees an "unwitting homage" implied in the comparison with Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, Kant, Mill, and Comte; but he has forgotten the major charge, namely this: that, after all the blare of trumpets announcing the new method by which the mathematicians are to enlighten the philosophers, and after sweeping and repeated charges of stupidity against all philosophers of all times and all schools, an examination of the new method, so far, at least, as it is explained by Mr. Russell, shows it to be little or nothing more than the method of conceiving the world in the form of "atomic facts," serially ordered, which has been a commonplace of English empiricism for several generations past. The only innovation (apart from the inclusion of mathematical entities among the atoms—it may be that I have erred in including numbers) is the mode of conceiving a personal experience as a "perspective," which has been anticipated (at least) by the illogical M. Bergson. For the rest, what Mr. Russell contributes to the method is an admirable neatness and precision—that "tidiness" which he finds to be characteristic of the mediæval world.

If this criticism is well founded, then the new method vanishes in smoke. Yet, strangely, neither Mr. Perry nor Mr. Chandler has undertaken to show wherein the criticism is false. Nay, Mr. Chandler concedes the truth of the fact when he says that "the most notable feature of his view is not the phenomenalism and perspectivism which it shares with some others, but the precise working out of these ideas." Mr. Chandler, however, produces not a line from Mr. Russell to show that he was conscious of any partnership—except, of course, with the mathematicians. On the other hand, we have Mr. Russell's statement, repeated in many forms, that (p. 40) "the first serious advance in real logic since the time of the Greeks was made by Peano and Frege—both mathematicians." Let it be remembered that for Mr. Russell "logic" is philosophical and scientific method, and that the logic of the Greeks is already utterly condemned. It will not do to say that Mr. Russell was too pressed for space to "point out parallelisms." One "parallelism" would have compelled him to alter the tone of the whole book. It seems less offensive to suggest that he simply did not know.

This general suggestion was fortified in the review by quoting Mr. Russell's interpretations of Berkeley and Kant. Neither Mr. Perry nor Mr. Chandler makes any direct attempt to show that these interpretations are correct. With regard to Kant, Mr. Chandler tells us that, of course, Mr. Russell knew that Kant was not talking psychology—but without producing any evidence. Mr. Perry introduces Miss Calkins to show that even some idealists have criticised Kant from a standpoint psychological; but he makes the mistake of including Miss Calkins's contention that the discussion of this subject (*i. e.*, the meaning of space) belongs rather to psychology than to philosophy—which sufficiently recognizes Kant's point of view.

With regard to Berkeley, Mr. Perry says: "That Mr. Russell obtained his knowledge of Berkeley 'from the man in the street,' as the reviewer further suggests, is, of course, absurd, in view of the detailed examination of Berkeley's view contained in the author's 'Problems of Philosophy.'" That is to say, Mr. Russell must be right because he has said the same thing twice. Let me say, then, that it was the curious (and not too detailed) treatment of Berkeley in the "Problems" which first roused my suspicions. According to Mr. Perry, again, the reviewer "calmly identifies Mr. Russell's physical sense-data

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and sensibilia, specifically defined as non-mental, with the sensations of Mill," and doubtless with the "ideas" of Berkeley—as if the reviewer were illiterate. But Mr. Perry throws no light upon this mystifying distinction, and fails to show how a sense-datum differs from a sensation or an idea.

This is just the point. The review accused Mr. Russell of crudely misrepresenting Berkeley and then of developing a view of the external world which was faithfully Berkeleyan, and the critics have not shown wherein it was wrong. "The table I write on"—Berkeley calls it an idea, Mr. Russell a sense-datum. Mr. Russell objects that in Berkeley "we find sensible appearance criticised and condemned." Berkeley retorts by pointing out that his idea-table will hold just as many books or dishes as Mr. Russell's sense-datum table.* Mr. Russell then tells Berkeley that it is a mistake to infer that the table is "dependent upon mind." But Berkeley has already said that, in the sense of depending upon human minds (which seems to be Mr. Russell's sense), the table does not depend upon mind.† Berkeley would be the first to deny that by mere thinking you can determine the existence or non-existence of the table. Mr. Russell then objects that the table is "real while we see it," and Berkeley cordially agrees.‡ Nor does he deny that the sense-table "is the sole basis of our knowledge of the external world"—at least so far as this is a world of things and not of persons. Further, Mr. Russell agrees with Berkeley in holding that no table can be known to exist when no one sees (or touches, etc.) a table;§ and again in condemning the metaphysical abstraction of "matter."¶ So far as the external world is concerned, I am unable to perceive any difference between Mr. Russell's view and Berkeley's, except upon the false and vulgar assumption that Berkeley supposed the table to be created by the activity of the perceiving person. Upon other points (*e. g.*, the ground for assuming that other persons have minds), there are, of course, vital differences.

All of this is part of Mr. Russell's lesson to the philosophers in the art of stating facts. Mr. Perry's version of the review's criticism of Mr. Russell's sample-formulation is so interesting that I feel justified in quoting the passages in detail:

Mr. Russell: We find that as we walk round the table we perceive a series of gradually changing visual objects. But in speaking of "walking round the table" we have still retained the hypothesis that there is a single table connected with all the appearances. What we ought to say is that, while we have those muscular and other sensations which make us say that we are walking, our visual sensations change in a continuous way, so that, for example, a striking patch of color is not suddenly replaced by something wholly different, but is replaced by an insensible gradation of slightly different colors with slightly different shapes.

The review: Generally speaking, none but a painter perceives the "slightly different colors," none but a draughtsman, trained in perspective, perceives the "slightly different shapes." What Mr. Russell records as "hypothesis-free" facts is not what we see, but what we ought to see if the rejected hypothesis of the single table is true.

Mr. Perry: Finally, he attacks Mr. Russell's attempt to distinguish the sensible and inferential factors in sense-experience, on the ground that no one has a purely sensible experience except painters and draughtsmen, and on the ground that such an experience is possible only provided the hypothesis of physical "objects" were untrue.

Criticism in the *Nation* is necessarily condensed, but it seems to me that even the uninitiated should perceive that I pointed to the draughtsman, *trained in perspective,* as an example of one who does *not* have a purely sensible experience; at the same time I pointed out (not, as Mr. Chandler would have it, on the ground of introspection, but on the ground of the objective experience, say, of drawing-teachers) that it is only the draughtsman who is certainly aware of the "slightly different shapes." The point is that no one has a "purely sensible experience"; all experience of sensible facts is based, more or less obscurely or clearly, upon some kind of an hypothesis, or point of view. And therefore, again, I do *not* say that "purely sensible experience" is possible "only provided the hypothesis of physical 'objects' were untrue" (what is meant here, I cannot imagine), but rather that experience of fact is made possible by having the right (or true) hypothesis. The draughtsman sees the changing shapes, where others do not, just because, in view of his clearer conception of the physical situation, he knows what he ought to see.

To one who is familiar with the psychology of "attention," or "apperception," which has been developed almost exclusively within the past generation, all of this should be commonplace. In view of the fact that an activity of attention, which is not only selective but transforming, seems to be at work in every part of our mental life, the question has been repeatedly raised, whether there can be any "purely sensible experience," whether there can be any apprehension of fact which does not imply an inference. I have no desire to press my answer. But the question is momentous for the neo-realism. Mr. Russell writes, however, in the tone of a generation ago, as if the question had never been raised.

I note that Mr. Chandler ignores the charge of arrogance. Mr. Perry attempts to disprove it by quoting a sweetly modest sentence from the preface. The text tells a very different story, of which the following is characteristic (p. 45):

The belief or unconscious conviction that all propositions are of the subject-predicate form . . . has rendered most philosophers incapable of giving any account of the world of science and daily life. If they had been honestly anxious to give such an account, they would probably have discovered their error very quickly; but most of them were less anxious to understand the world of science and daily life than to convict it of unreality in the interests of a super-sensible "real" world.

More of the same kind follows. This means, of course (since I cannot find that any philosopher is expressly excepted), that Mr. Russell and his friends are the first of the human race to approach the problems of philosophy from an unprejudiced point of view. Here is another sample (p. 96):

The problem of the connection of sense with objective reality has commonly been dealt with from a standpoint which did not carry initial doubt so far as we have carried it; most writers, consciously or unconsciously, have assumed that the testimony of others is to be admitted, and therefore (at least by implication) that others have minds.

Those who are familiar with the history of epistemology from Berkeley to Bradley, Royce, and Fullerton will find it hard to believe that Mr. Russell thinks that he is one of the select few to examine our grounds for believing that other persons have minds; yet this is clearly what he means. But he is neither uninformed nor naïve!

And yet (as the review indicated) I am not quite certain that Mr. Russell is either naïve or uninformed. I own frankly that he is a problem that I have not yet solved. It is possible that Mr. Russell thinks so meanly of the philosophers that he prefers not to be credited with any close study of their writings, and that the interpretations of Berkeley are intended to establish an *alibi;* or it may be that the book is simply a piece of genial humor. It seems clear that Mr. Russell finds "grinding" the philosophers hugely amusing, and my impression is that, in the face of criticism, he himself would be "game." I therefore offer Mr. Perry and Mr. Chandler a choice, or combination, of three judgments: Either Mr. Russell is "astonishingly naïve and uninformed," or he is calmly insolent, or he is merely enjoying some good-natured amusement. Some verdict within the range of these three I take to be required by the text of the book. THE REVIEWER.

February 26.

*See the first of his answers to objections in the "Principles of Human Knowledge," Fraser's edition of the Works, Vol. I, p. 278. Here Berkeley says, referring to the meaning of the term "idea": "If, therefore, you agree with me that we eat and drink and are clad with the immediate objects of sense, which cannot exist unperceived or without the mind, I shall readily grant it more proper or conformable to custom that they should be called things rather than *ideas.*"

†*Op. cit.*, p. 288.

‡"That the things I see with my eyes and touch with my hands do exist, really exist, I make not the least question."—*Op. cit.*, p. 276.

§Russell, "On Our Knowledge of the External World, etc.," p. 112.

¶*Op. cit.*, all of Lecture IV.

Book Notes and Byways

HENRY VAUGHAN.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS, WITH A COMMENTARY.

By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

PART I.

The biography of the noble poet who called himself Silurist, as it is to be gathered from the Lyte, Grosart, Chambers (Muses Library), and Bethany editions, would hardly fill a printed octavo page. Vaughan is mentioned only in three books written by his contemporaries: by his friend and near neighbor Powell, an amiable, high-minded, obscure Welsh scholar, a forgotten but admirable writer of English; by the anonymous editor of "Wits Recreations," in the edition of 1650 and its successors; and by Anthony Wood in his "Athenæ," where the statements are founded on facts communicated by Vaughan himself or by John Aubrey. He is mentioned by no other writer until the year 1821. Every parish register which held records of Henry Vaughan has been lost or destroyed; all pedigrees of his family and of the family into which he married, even those drawn up by some who must have known him well, are incorrect or defective. No manuscript of his has ever been cast up on the wide receptive shores of Sotheby's; his verses (*pace* Mr. Bullen, even Mr. Bullen, the Magellan of many waters!) occur in no common-

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place-book or music-book known to students. Great accidental value, therefore, attaches to Vaughan's letters, now recovered to the number of eleven. Of these seven are in the Bodleian Library, written in a beautifully clear hand, and in perfect preservation. The first hint of their existence reached the reading world in 1898, when Mr. Andrew Clark quoted three very short extracts from two of them, in editing the original manuscripts of John Aubrey's scrappy but fascinating "Brief *Lives*." Of the eleven letters nothing else has appeared in print.

The late indefatigable Dr. Grosart, in the autumn of 1898, visited Oxford, and found most of Vaughan's manuscripts. The clues he took with him for his research, which proved successful, were given him by the present writer's colleague and friend Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan, of Brecon, who had read the "Brief Lives," and made some good deductive guesses. Up to this time, not a scrap of paper in Vaughan's handwriting was known to his modern editors or students. Dr. Grosart had already presented to the world as the Silurist's an engraved page in his quarto "Vaughan" containing a document signed by Henry Vaughan, of the family seated at Smarden, in Kent. A second edition was projected by Dr. Grosart, in which the Bodleian letters were to have figured, plus a collection of poems which, in his headstrong enthusiastic way, he attributed to Vaughan; everybody knows how, after Dr. Grosart's death, these were most interestingly identified as Thomas Traherne's by the late Mr. Bertram Dobell. Within the last few years the original Vaughan letters have been made accessible to everybody by means of the detailed Bodley catalogue, and can no longer count as part of one's private hidden treasure. An Oxford graduate, Mr. L. C. Martin, of Lund University, has lately transcribed them, and has had them set up in type as an appendix to a "Vaughan" which he has edited, and which is to be published almost immediately by the Clarendon Press. This edition will give us the first really authentic collation of the poems; a gift for which readers of Vaughan must be grateful to Mr. Martin. The work is purely critical; the appendix just mentioned is its only touch of biography, and is without annotation. It cannot seem unfair to entrust to the *Nation*, by anticipation, a text of Henry Vaughan's letters copied long ago, and a gloss which represents the special study and affectionate preoccupation of a lifetime.

I.

John Aubrey, the antiquary, is now pretty generally recognized to have been an unselfish, active, and very humane scholar, as prodigal of his brain as of his pocket; so much so that his curiosity, diligence, and sweet temper lent themselves almost wholly to the labor signed by other men. By 1671 he had long been helping Anthony Wood, item by item, with the latter's great work, the "Athenæ Oxonienses"; and, apparently in answer to a pressing query, he jots down on March 14 of that year the little he then knew of the "two Vaughans, twinnes, both very ingeniose"—so he, their cousin, calls them. His information concerning his kinsmen is interesting, and in two points novel and illuminating. He had then a mere acquaintance with the Vaughans, though he afterwards came to know the survivor of them much better. On June 10 he wrote directly to the latter in Breconshire, and not getting an answer so soon as he had hoped, seems to have suspected that Henry had followed Thomas to the grave. Vaughan's own reply to Aubrey was already on the way: a large sheet fragrant with courtesy (Bodleian MS. Wood F. 39, f. 216):

HONOURED COUSIN:

Yours of the 10th of June 1 received att Brechon, where I am still attendinge our Bishop's Lady in a tertian feaver, and cannot as yet have the leasure to step home, butt lest my delayinge of tyme heere should bring the account you expect too late into your hands, I shall now in part give you the best I can and be more exact in my next. My brother and I were borne att Newton,* in the parish of St. Brigets in the year 1621. I stayed not att Oxford to take any† degree, butt was sent to London, beinge then designed by my father for the study of the Law: wch the sudden eruption of our late civil warres wholie frustrated. My brother continued there‡ for 10 or 12 years and (I thinke) he could be no lesse than Mr. of Arts; he died (upon an imployment for his majesty) within 5 or 6 miles of Oxford, in the year that the last great plague visited London. He was buried by Sr Robert Murray (his great friend) and then Secretary of Estate for the Kingdom of Scotland: to whom he gave all his bookes and manuscripts. The severall Tractates which he published in his life-tyme were these followinge:

1. *Anthroposophia Teo-magica.*
2. *Magica Adamica.*
3. *Lumen de Lumine:* all printed by Mr. Humphrey Blunden att the Castle in Corn-hill.
4. *Aula Lucis,* a short discourse printed for William Leak att the Crowne betwixt the two temple-gates in fleet street.
5. *The historie of the Fraternitie of the Rosie Crosse,* with his animadversions and Judgement of them, printed for Giles Calvert att the west end of Paules.

These are all that came to my cognisance. What past into the presse from me, this short Catalogue comprehends:

Silex Scintillans: Sacred Poems and private Ejaculations in two bookes.

The Mount of Olives: or solitarie Devotions.

Olor Iscanus: a Collection of some poems and translations: printed for Mr. Humphrey Moseley.

Flores Solitudinis: a translation of some choice peeces out of the Latine. With the *Life of Paulinus, Bishop of Nola,* collected out of his owne writinges and other primitive Authours.

Nollius his *Systema medicinae Hermeticum* and his discourse *De generatione* done into English.

To these you may add (if you thinke it fitt)

Thalia Rediviva: a peece now ready for the presse, with the Remaines of my brother's Latine Poems (for many of them are lost) never published before, butt I believe wilbe very wellcome, & prove inferiour to none of that kind that is yet extant. Dr. Powell of Cantre I can give you an exact account of, as soon as I have Conference with his brother who is my neighbour; you shall have it in my next. The other persons mentioned in yor lre were North Wales gent. and unknowne to any in these parts. If tyme will permitt, I advise you to consult (by lre) with Dr. Thomas Ellis sometymes of Jesus College, butt living now at Dole y gellie in ye county of Mereonith. He hath bine many yeares busied in makeinge up a supplement to Dr. Powell's *Chronicle* & knowes more of him than any man else doth & (I believe) of all the rest. He is a person of excellent accomplishments and very solid learninge. My brothers imployment was in physic and Chymistry. He was ordayned minister by bishop Mainwaringe & presented to the Rectorie of St. Brigets by his kinsman Sr George Vaughan. My profession allso is physic wch I have practised now for many years with good success (I thank god!) and a repute big enough for a person of greater parts than my selfe. Dear Sr, I am highly obliged to you that you would be pleased to remember & reflect upon such low & forgotten thinges as my brother and my selfe. I shalbe ever ready to acknowledge the honour you have done us, & if you have any concerne in these parts that I may be serviceable in, I humbly beg that you would call upon & Command

Honoured Cousin,

Your most affectionate & most faithfull humble servant

H: VAUGHAN.

Brechon,
June the 15th
—73.

A postscript written along the wide margin of the same letter runs:

My Cousin Walbeoffe is exceedinge glad to heare of yor health, and p'sents you with her true love and respects: her sonne is long sine dead without yssue, & left the estate (after his Mother's decease) amongst his father's nearest relations.

John Aubrey scrawled his letter to Wood all over Vaughan's one blank sheet, and reposted the packet. It contained this note:

July 8, 1673.

Yesterday morning I wayted on my ever to be honoured friend Sir Robert Moray & spent 3 houres discoursing wh him in his chamber, when also came in Dr. Grew, Mr. Gregory & Dr. Wms. As to my cosen Tho: Vaughan, he told me he buryed him at Albery neer Ricot within three miles of Oxon—he dyed at Mr. (Sam) Kem's howse, the Minister.

The note goes on to mention that though Sir Robert Moray

then, to my thinking, as well as wont to be, at 8 last night [he] was suddenly taken wh an acrid flegme, and died in halfe an howre.

II.

Now for some detailed examination of various features of one of the earliest letters we possess of Henry Vaughan.

"Our Bishop's Lady in a tertian feaver," in an age which knew not the trained nurse, must indeed have been carefully watched over by the scrupulous physician, then in his fifty-second year, who had no "leasure to step home" to his own wife and children but a half-hour's gallop east. He would have written this letter in the diocesan dwelling of the Bishop of St. David's in Brecon. Christ College, near the River Usk, the old monastery of the Dominican friars, had since the Dissolution been altered into an episcopal residence; and soon after his appointment to the See at the Restoration, Bishop Lucy made it his home. He was a younger son of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote in Warwickshire, and a grandson of the Sir Thomas Lucy of that same manor-house near Stratford-on-Avon, who is supposed to have imprisoned a certain youth of parts for deer-stealing. William Lucy was born in 1591, and was brought up at Charlecote; even if (as is unlikely) it did not remain his home after his father's death in 1603, he had an elder brother seated there whom he would visit often. Is it too great a stretching of the historic imagination to conclude that he must have known the William Shakespeare who "built the trimmest house in Stratford town"? Lucy was twenty-five at the date of that wealthy and renowned citizen's death. After what is, indeed, an almost certain juxtaposition of his youth with Shakespeare's living presence, it is pleasant to remember how many interests, scholarly and social, he must have held in common with his physician

*Here Vaughan has added in the margin: "in Brecknockshire."

†In "Brief Lives" this word is erroneously set up, or miscopied, as "my."

‡At Oxford.

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and friend of later years, a lonely minor poet of genius who also "lived on earth unguessed at."

The good Bishop, restorer and second founder of Christ College, married Martha, daughter of William Angell, Esquire, of Crohurst, in the County of Surrey. In Christ College his "lady" died, seven months after the posting of Henry Vaughan's letter; and in its beautiful old chapel she was laid to rest under no fewer than three inscriptions, the date of her decease differing in each! Vaughan, in pursuance of his "great and onely Practice in those partes," no doubt attended his Lordship too, when, in his eighty-sixth year, in October, 1677, he forsook the things of this world; and Vaughan's meditative eye may well have rested more than once on the Bishop's alabaster portrait effigy, curiously like Shakespeare's own, and on that still extant array of mural tablets with Justice Shallow's arms carved upon them—three luces hauriant, "which becometh an old coat well."

Vaughan calls his native parish of Llansantffread by the English form of the name, then, as now, most unusual. *Ffread* is Welsh for the Gaelic *Brighid,* pronounced "Breed," and sometimes spelled "Bride." Trenewydd or Newton, his birthplace, was the inherited property of his mother, Denys Morgan, and devolved upon him, the eldest son. It was destroyed some sixty years ago, the family having sold it in the eighteenth century; and in the farmhouse on its site there is no seed-plot of the Muses.

Vaughan says that he "stayed not att Oxford to take any degree." The present writer believes (and has worked out the theory in the *Academy*) that he was an undergraduate who gave trouble, and was "sent down." His negative phrase is most satisfactory, however, in proving that the poet, like his brother, was an Oxford man: a fact needlessly questioned, after the tone and feeling apparent in his spirited lines on Sir Thomas Bodley's Library. Thomas Vaughan appears in his due place in the matriculation-books of the year 1638, as in Foster's modern *Alumni* lists; Henry never appears in the former at all (they have other omissions as notable, Wither's, for example), and only by bracketed implication in the latter. The Bodleian admission-books of the time give us Thomas Vaughan's signature, without that of his brother. This is not so remarkable as it looks, as none but Masters of Arts were then free of the Library. The "H. Vaughan, Jesus Coll.," who signs a good English poem in *Eucharistica Oxoniensia,* 1641, and poems in many another academic anthology, is most probably not, as has been believed, our poet, but the young Royalist Herbert Vaughan, of another lineage.

Are there, then, no traces of Henry Vaughan's undergraduate life? I once took the trouble to examine the yet decipherable pages of the Jesus College Battell-books, starred with many Vaughans, young gentlemen who encountered and slew, every day, much beef and beer. Up and down these Battell-books of 1638-41 (by which latter date the only H. V. who counts had gone from his "two years in logicalls under a noted tutor," as Anthony Wood has it, to his brief but exciting taste of London life), there occurs a frequent charge against "Mr. Vaughan, Se.," followed by "Mr. Vaughan, Ju." These two names, always together, may indicate the twins. It is a fairly safe surmise. But whether the budding Silurist went up from South Wales to the Welsh College, then under its great principal, Dr. Mansell, or whether he did not, at least he was resident awhile in some college of the University of Oxford. So much is now established by his own hand. Nay, more: to many persons it may be conclusive proof of a circumstantial sort that Vaughan was a Jesus man, inasmuch as Wood makes of him numerous inquiries concerning former residents of that College, and of none other.

The "study of the Law" and the effect upon it of "the sudden eruption of our late civil warres" make too long a story to fit into a mere annotation, but Thomas Vaughan's "imployment for his majesty" is more to the point. King Charles II had a turn for physics, and liked to experiment. Sir Robert Moray, through whom the King made his scientific communications, had charge of the chemical laboratory at Whitehall. As a man both extremely able and extremely good, he was dear to his liege lord: it is altogether a mistake to suppose that this King numbered only rakes among his friends, or ever for an instant preferred them. Moray probably attached Thomas Vaughan to the Court when the latter, having lost his Welsh living and having quitted Oxford, went to London to live, about the date of his marriage, 1651; Moray was far more likely than any one else to have obtained for so faithful and disadvantaged a Royalist the professional "imployment" and the personal favor of King Charles. Vaughan, the philosopher-alchemist, was one who, by no effort of his own, deeply impressed his fellows, in that sad century of futile talents and deflected aims. Doing his commissioned work he suddenly died. The strong fumes of mercury overcame him on a winter day in the hamlet which Henry Vaughan, always constitutionally vague as to dates and places, could not name. The Court, driven from London to the University town by fear of the plague, was therefore hard by when Thomas Vaughan breathed his last, and Moray was at hand to bury his "great friend" in a becoming manner. But there is now no trace of poor Eugenius Philalethes at Albury. The rectory is modern, the little church is modern; and there are local rumors of old tombs broken up and old tablets destroyed, two generations ago, before people had begun to think tenderly of the past, or behave courteously towards it. Even the registers, true to that fatality which has excluded mention of either Vaughan from any parish record whatever, have lost those pages which contained the entries for the year 1666. It would seem from Henry's words that Thomas may have made a will. This, like the "books and manuscripts," would be a very precious find; but both, after long and minute search, are indiscoverable.

Henry Vaughan's little bibliography is dateless, and greatly at fault. The list of his brother's publications falls short by no fewer than nine titles! and he gives under an incorrect heading and as Thomas Vaughan's own work that tractate on the Rosicrucians to which the latter writer apparently supplied only the preface. Henry's very fickle memory, and his lack of the historic sense, will not account, however, for the suppressed mention of his own first book. A poet can hardly forget his first fruits, though he may easily come to disapprove of them: the omission in such a case as this must be voluntary. It confirms one in thinking that those Poems of 1646, truly "bright in their own innocence, and kindling nothing but a generous thought," as their young author rightly boasted of them at the time, may have been to his later and deeper mood the very same as the "unhallowed" love-verses which had "escaped" him, and which, in 1655, he prayed that "none would read." The imperfect catalogue thus drawn up for Aubrey and Wood comprises some of the rarest little octavos known to English and American collectors. There are now but very few copies of the "Mount of Olives," and certainly only four of "Thalia Rediviva." Vaughan's letter was written in 1673; "Thalia," for one reason or another, was not published until 1678. (It has not been noticed by editors that the majority of poems which comprise this "peece" are really of very early date.) Whether by 1673 Henry had already gathered in his brother's manuscripts from the custody of Moray, or from that of other admiring friends, it is clear that he had not all he wanted, even when "Thalia" was issued by Robert Pawlet, "at the Bible in Chancery Lane"; for, as editor of Thomas Vaughan's literary remains, he advertises on the fly-leaf for an heroic poem called "Alcippus et Jacintha cum multis aliis Oxonii ab authore relictis." These, indeed, have been left, not on the banks of Isis, one fears, but on the banks of Lethe! Thomas Vaughan produced, however, one English poem, at least, of quite extraordinary beauty.

The Silurist, as he wrote that June day to John Aubrey, advising him to consult with the learned and hapless Dr. Thomas Ellis, of Dolgelly, was quite unaware that Ellis was six weeks in his grave. Wood, in the account of Ellis in the "Athenæ," surmises that he died during the preceding April; and the Dictionary of National Biography, more than two-and-a-quarter centuries later, can only state with caution that he died "during the spring." But the exact date stands in the British Museum Add. MSS. 14896, in the handwriting of David Williams, the genealogist: it is May 2, 1673. The Dr. Powell whose "Chronicle," first published in a black-letter quarto, 1584, Ellis was editing (doomed to failure in that, as in much else, through the sheer misbehavior of circumstance), was not the same as Dr. Powell, of Cantreff, to whom Vaughan returns anon.

Bishop Roger Manwaring, the devoted Royalist, is sufficiently well known. Sir George Vaughan, of the wide-spreading house of Bredwardine, was seated at Fallerstone, in Wiltshire, and had much to do, first and last, with the welfare of both his Llansantffread cousins.

Vaughan's reference to his profession is interesting. His "M.D." occurs in his epitaph, and in the epitaph of Denys Jones, his granddaughter, as well as in some depositions of the time; but no amount of searching in England and abroad has availed to place the University, ecclesiastical court, or other jurisdiction qualified to license for medical practice, where that degree might have been taken. All over the steep mountains and narrow valleys of Brecon and Glamorgan Vaughan's practice extended; and, like Shakespeare (and much to his own astonishment, no doubt), this poet prospered, thanks to his lesser avocation. He was one of many distinguished physicians who have made his town of "Brecknock" their home. Vaughan's very letters and jottings, as by a lantern-flash in the dark, show him to us thrice

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bending over the bed of his patient; and thrice, let it be noted, in a not irreverent parenthesis, does the patient make haste to die!

The reference to "such low and forgotten thinges as my brother and my selfe" is a sad one, but quite humble, and quite sincere. It alludes to their literary and academic eclipse. Both men, though of high descent, and of higher intelligence, had suffered calamity on calamity, had become recluses, had passed almost unknown from among the poetic spirits of their generation.

Aubrey's obituary addendum is of value to posterity, dealing as it does with that wholly admirable person, Sir Robert Moray, who was "the life and soul," and first president before incorporation, of the Royal Society; the trusted adviser of two Stuart Kings; Evelyn's "dear and excellent friend," Lauderdale's animated correspondent, and Thomas Vaughan's affectionate fatherly patron: a Scot conspicuous at home and on the Continent for his powers of mind, his amenity, his practical Christianity, and his incorrupt honor. Dear John Aubrey's long three hours' buzz of talk (he could talk like Pepys or Boswell!) seems to have tolled good Sir Robert's knell. "He dyed suddenly where he lived, in the Lead Pavillion in Whitehall, and the King buryed him att his own Expence in Westminster Abbey." Moray lies in the south transept, near Davenant.

It may be noted that Vaughan and Aubrey, both Laudian High Churchmen, use the word "minister," a word now applied exclusively in England to the Nonconformist clergy. Some of their contemporary Anglicans, and most of ours, would have said "priest." This "minister," Mr. Samuel Kem, was the incumbent of Albury, and in his rectory Thomas Vaughan was a guest. Kem was a changeful character, somewhat violently picturesque. He had been known to preach in fighting gear, with a loaded pistol dozing beside his Bible on the pulpit ledge. To crown his accomplishments, he was a most successful amateur Bluebeard. His four wives (the Dictionary of National Biography endows him with but three) lay side by side in his rural chancel. Above them, a comprehensive monument proffered tribute to their divers virtues on the part of "their Husband," who was dauntlessly affiancing himself to a fifth Eve when his final call came!

III.

Vaughan's second letter to Aubrey (now Wood MS. F. 39, f. 227) is scrawled over, in every available blank space, by Aubrey's notes and drawings, and by Wood's also, to whose hands it eventually came. It begins with a misstatement concerning Thomas Vaughan's age, which is somewhat startling, considering that it was also the identical age of the writer. In "februarie of the yeare 1666," the two were by no means in that "seaven and fortieth" condition ascribed to them, but as a matter of fact not yet forty-four!

Honoured Cousin:
In my last (which I hope is come to yor hands) I gave you an account of my brother and my selfe: what bookes we had written. I have nothing to add but this, that he died in the seaven and fortieth yeare of his age, upon the 27th of februarie in the yeare 1666, and was buried upon the first of March. Thomas Powell of Cantre was since the kinge came in made Dr. of divinity att Oxford, by a mandamus, as I have heard. He was borne at Cantre within the county of Brechon in the yeare 1608, he dyed att London upon the last day of December in the yeare 1660, in the two and fiftieth yeare of his age, and lyes buried in S. Dunstans Church in fleet street. His printed bookes are these:

Elementa Opticæ.
Recueil de Nouvelles Lettres de M. Balzac transleated into English.
Stoa Triumphans: two lres of ye noble and learned Marquesse Virgilio Malvezzi, to the illustrious Signior John vincent Imperiale, translated out of Italian into English.
Quadriga salutis: or the 4 general heads of Christian Religion surveyd and explained.
Humane Industrie, Or a short account of most manual Arts: their original progress and improvement etc.
Manuscripts left in my custodie, and not yet printed:

The Insubrian historie, conteyninge an exact account of the various fates, civil commotions, battells and sieges acted upon the theatre of Lombardie and the adiacent partes of Italie, from the first Irruptions and Conquests of the Goths to their final expulsion by the Emperour Justinian. Written originally in the Latine by the Learned Puteanus and now done into English.
The Christian Politic Favourite, or A vindication of the politic transactions of the Count-duke de S. Lucar: that great minister of state and favourite Counsellour to Philip the 4th of Spain; written originalie by Virgilio Malvezzi, and now not traduced as one hath done, butt faithfully translated into English.
Fragmenta de rebus Britannicis: a short account of the lives, manners, and religion of the Brittish Druids and the Bards, etc.
Sr, this is all the account I can give you of any writers of Jesus College. The name of the place where my brother lyes buried, I do not know, butt 'tis a village upon the Thames side within 5 or 6 miles of Oxford, and without doubt well knowne to the University.
My cousin Walbeoffe p'sents you with her real affection and respects, and would be very glad to see you in these parts. Sir John, with his Son and Lady are come well home from London. I begge yor pardon for all this trouble, and remain with all integritie, Houored Cousin,
Yor most affectionate and faithful servant,
H. VAUGHAN.
Newton, Julie 7th,—73.

Vaughan disclaims accurate knowledge touching the place of his twin's burial. Admirers of his fraternal pastoral, called Daphnis, may recall a certain passage beginning

> But though the Isis and the prouder Thames
> Can shew thy reliques lodged hard by their streames, etc.

That may be good impressionist geography; but Isis (as the upper river is locally known) is really far away, and Thames still farther. The only running water near Albury is the Thame, a tributary which slips under a little bridge less than half a mile distant from the lost "reliques" of our Iscan Daphnis, and goes to join the deepening Thames beneath the shadow of Dorchester Abbey Church.

Vaughan himself has again led us into bibliographical caverns all but "unknown to Lowndes." The name of Dr. Thomas Powell, of Cantreff, Bishop-elect of the See of Bristol when he died (not to be confounded with a contemporary and namesake, author of "The Art of Thriving" and other plebeian treatises), is familiar to all attentive readers of Vaughan's verse. Wood calls him "an able philosopher, a curious critic." Judged by the pages he penned and the love he inspired, his was one of the sweetest minds of his generation. Like most of Vaughan's friends, he was much older than himself, and he shared to the full the younger man's predilections and prejudice regarding "this age," the hard Puritan shelf on which they were cast after the civil storms of 1642 and 1648. Powell's "Elementa Optica," "Humane Industrie," and "Quadriga Salutis" are extant books, though extremely rare; "Stoa Triumphans" stands in the same category, and is the only rendering into our language of "Due Lettere di Consolatione," Bologna, 1635. It is a little vellum-bound octavo, dated 1651; and it compliments Malvezzi as having "written by the lamp of Epictetus," and as "breathing that *virilem sapientiam Stoicorum* which Seneca doth so much extoll, that masculine and Heroick bravery of the Stoicks, whereby they did put off man, and tread above the Stage of humane chances." So much the preface rightly claims. Dr. Powell, in the course of it, refers to "this ensuing translation, with the whole dresse and Equipage of it," as done during "some spare time when I was debarred from better imployment, to witt, the exercise of my function and ministry." There speaks the sequestered Vicar of Brecon, who for his principles had become the "loyall fellow-prisoner" commemorated by his young neighbour Henry Vaughan. This charming "Stoa Triumphans," with its sub-title, "The Praise of Banishment and The Dispraise of Honors argued in Two Letters," should not go begging for a modern appreciator who would dress it, at last, in a new coat.

Dr. Powell's translation of the Sieur de Balzac is named in Vaughan's list as a book already in print. It is obvious, however, that Vaughan had not Powell's title-page under his eye, since what he gives is only the title of the original French octavo fathered by Jean Camusat at the Toyson d'Or in Paris, in 1637, which contains a beautiful engraving by Mellani. Sir Richard Baker promptly turned this into English in 1638, and an enterprising Oxonian, one "F. B.," did no less for it in 1639. In 1658 the stationer Thomas Dring, "at the George in Fleet-street neere St. Dunstans Church," produced two editions of Balzac with no translator's name on the title-page, and implied in a pleasant introduction signed by himself that more than one hand was responsible for the work. The Bodleian has a copy of one of these Dring Balzacs, and the British Museum has a copy of the other. A point worth noticing is that these little volumes are distinctly not the English equivalent of the "Recueil de Nouvelles Lettres" at all, but a selection from the Sieur de Balzac's entire correspondence, which looks as delightfully miscellaneous as Powell's own, and is addressed to as many persons. Yet if this Balzac be not Powell's, Powell's is surely among

> things invisible,
> And cast beyond the moon!

"The Christian Politic Favourite," also dug out by Dr. Powell's skilful fingers from Malvezzi's mine, has evidently perished; and all that remains to us is the anonymous work of all but identical title, dated London, 1647, the "traducing" of which moved the gentle scholar of Cantreff to such parenthetical scorn. This anonymous work is treated in a note to Mr. Chambers's edition of Vaughan (Muses Library Series, Vol. II, p. 340) as Powell's, whereas we now know from Vaughan himself that it could not have been his, since his still lay unpublished in 1673. Attentive readers of "Olor Iscanus" will recall Vaughan's decasyllabics, spirited and slightly *doctrinaire,* "To my learned Friend Mr. T. Powell, upon his translation of Malvezzi's 'Christian Politician.'" (Muses Library edition, II, 97-8.) Malvezzi was then living (1651), and when "Englished" was a very great favorite in the England to which he had been at one time Ambassador.

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Correspondence

HYMNS OF HATE AND SONGS OF LOVE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At the present moment a profoundly interesting discussion is being carried on in this country with reference to the stimulation of great literary impulse afforded by war. On the one side stands the venerable Mr. Howells, who, in a long article in the New York *Times*, supports the thesis that war stops literature; on the other stands Mr. James Lane Allen, the novelist, who has recently expressed his views in the *Bookman*. As if to give an object-lesson in refutation of the position taken by Mr. Howells, a private soldier in the German army utters a cry so poignant in its feeling, so terrible in its invocation, as to echo and reëcho in the brains of mankind throughout the entire world. This poem, for its own sake, and on account of the impression which it has created all over the world, is deserving of more than passing attention. To some it has seemed a diabolic malediction forged in Hell, the insane ravings of a madman; for others it simply confirms the conviction that the entire German nation is in a frame of mind induced by the neo-barbarism of Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi. Certain it is that this poem quickly became the battle hymn of a nation. According to a recent cable, the Kaiser is reported to have bestowed the decoration of the Red Eagle of the Fourth Class, with the Royal Crown, upon Ernst Lissauer, in recognition of his "Hassgesang gegen England." Official sanction would thus seem to be given to the spirit voiced by the poem, and imperial acknowledgment of its value to the desperate cause of Germany.

So far as I have been able to discover, the German original has nowhere appeared in any English or American publication.* I give below the original German, together with the translation, which latter, made by Barbara Henderson, was first printed in the New York *Times* for October 15, 1914:

HASSGESANG GEGEN ENGLAND.

Von Ernst Lissauer.

Was schiert uns Russe und Franzos?
Schuss wider Schuss und Stoss um Stoss,
Wir lieben sie nicht,
Wir hassen sie nicht,
Wir schützen Weichsel und Wasgaupass,—
Wir haben nur einen einzigen Hass,
Wir lieben vereint, wir hassen vereint,
Wir haben nur einen einzigen Feind:—

Den ihr alle wisst, den ihr alle wisst,
Er sitzt geduckt hinter der grauen Flut,
Voll Neid, voll Wut, voll Schläue, voll List,
Durch Wasser getrennt, die sind dicker als Blut.
Wir wollen treten in ein Gericht,
Einen Schwur zu schwören, Gesicht in Gesicht.
Einen Schwur von Erz, den verbläst kein Wind,
Einen Schwur für Kind und für Kindeskind.
Vernehmt das Wort, sagt nach das Wort,
Es wälze sich durch ganz Deutschland fort:
Wir wollen nicht lassen von unserem Hass,
Wir haben alle nur einen Hass,
Wir lieben vereint, wir hassen vereint,
Wir haben alle nur einen Feind:
England.

In der Bordkajüte, im Feiersaal,
Sassen Schiffsoffiziere beim Liebesmahl,—
Wie ein Säbelhieb, wie ein Segelschwung,
Einer riss grüssend empor den Trunk;
Knapp hinknallend wie Ruderschlag
Drei Worte sprach er: "Auf den Tag!"

Wem galt das Glas?
Sie hatten alle nur einen Hass.
Wer war gemeint?
Sie hatten alle nur einen Feind:
England.

Nimm du die Völker der Erde in Sold,
Baue Wälle aus Barren von Gold,
Bedecke die Meerflut mit Bug bei Bug,
Du rechnetest klug, doch nicht klug genug.
Was schiert uns Russe und Franzos?
Schuss wider Schuss und Stoss um Stoss,
Wie kämpfen den Kampf mit Bronze und Stahl
Und schliessen Frieden irgend einmal,
Dich werden wir hassen mit langem Hass,
Wir werden nicht lassen von unserem Hass.
Hass zu Wasser und Hass zu Land,
Hass des Hauptes und Hass der Hand,
Hass der Hammer und Hass der Kronen,
Drosselnder Hass von siebzig Millionen,
Sie lieben vereint, sie hassen vereint,
Sie haben alle nur einen Feind:
England!

French and Russian they matter not,
A blow for a blow and a shot for a shot,
We love them not,
We hate them not,
We hold the Weichsel and Vosges gate,
We have but one and only hate,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone:—

He is known to you all, he is known to you all,
He crouches behind the dark gray flood,
Full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall,
Cut off by waves that are thicker than blood.
Come let us stand at the Judgment place
An oath to swear to, face to face.
An oath of bronze no wind can shake,
An oath for our sons and their sons to take,
Come hear the word, repeat the word,
Throughout the Fatherland make it heard:
We will never forego our hate,
We have all but a single hate,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone,
England!

At the Captain's mess, in the Banquet-hall,
Sat feasting the officers, one and all,—
Like a sabre-blow, like the swing of a sail,
One raised his glass, held high to hail;
Sharp-snapped like the stroke of a rudder's play,
Spoke three words only: "To the day!"

Whose glass this fate?
They had all but a single hate.
Who was thus known?
They had one foe and one alone,
England!

Take you the folk of the earth in pay,
With bars of gold your ramparts lay,
Bedeck the ocean with bow on bow,
Ye reckon well, but not well enough now.
French and Russian they matter not.
A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot,
We fight the battle with bronze and steel,
And the time that is coming, Peace will seal.
You will we hate with a lasting hate,
We will never forego our hate.
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
Hate of the hammer and hate of the Crown.
Hate of seventy *millions* choking down.
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone:
England!

I have made the effort to trace to its source the origin of the poem, in the hope of discovering the immediate or remote causes which fired its production. The original, given me by a German lady of Mittweida, in Saxony, was sent to her by her brother, who saw it for the first time in a newspaper, the *General-Anzeiger*, of Düsseldorf. In anticipation of a coming fierce conflict with a division of the British army, the Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria issued to his troops two army orders, "calling upon them to fight with especial bitterness and force against the English troops" (these army orders were cited by the *Basler Nachrichten*, one of the leading German newspapers of Switzerland). The spirit of these army orders made such a profound and moving impression upon Ernst Lissauer, a trooper in the Tenth Regiment of Bavarian Infantry, that he was inspired to write his flaming protest as an expression of the deepest popular feeling. (Cf. *Politische Beilage der Leipziger Neuesten Nachrichten*, Nr. 310, 2. Beilage, November 9, 1914.) Realizing the tremendous stimulative value of the poem as a war-song, Crown Prince Rupprecht pursued the striking course of issuing the "Hassgesang gegen England" as a special army order to his troops. The effect produced upon the soldiers was electrical, and the words of the poem were soon running trippingly from the tongues of thousands. Coming as it did from the heart of a people, the poem attained immediate recognition as an authentic folk-song. As sung by the troops in going into battle, the middle stanza, referring to a scene on board a ship, was inevitably omitted. The poem was set to music for male voices by the Chemnitz Director of Church Music, Professor Mayerhoff *(Tägliche Rundschau)*. "The song was rendered publicly at a great meeting in a concert in the Alberthalle at Leipzig and was taken up in roaring chorus by the audience. The composer himself accompanied his composition on the piano." *(Berliner Nachrichten,* cited in New York *Times,* December 27, 1914.) Since that time the poem has become almost a national anthem throughout the entire German Empire. In face of such a racial and social phenomenon—the employment of a hymn of hate as a national anthem—the philological discussions in regard to the correct English translation of the phrase "Deutschland über Alles" seem the essence of futility and superfluity. To-day Lissauer's poem is sung by the soldiers going into battle, hummed by the business man in his office, whistled by the newsboys in the streets, and declaimed at the theatres.

A recent cartoon, showing German men of letters grinding out "Chants of Hate" while you wait, gives a humorous indication of the popularity of the poem in Germany.* It is perhaps not so well known that the English translation has had an equally striking and far more extensive vogue beyond the borders of Germany. On October 28, 1914, the translation was reproduced, and in full, from the New York *Times,* for the first time in any English publication, the London *Daily Mail,* under the caption: "Why the Kaiser Wants Calais." On October 29, it appeared in the London *Times,* accompanied by a long editorial entitled "A Hymn of Hate." And the poem, in translation, has created almost as much interest in this country, besides appearing in lands as remote as Japan.

There is something unedifying, something horrifying and repellent in the unloosing of the passions and hates of millions through the noble medium of poetry in this vaunted "era of enlightenment." A wave of counter-protest has set in from an unexpected quarter, Vienna, where the following poem appeared in the *Fremdenblatt* (reproduced in

*Since this letter was written, I have been informed that the German original was published in the New York *Times'* "Current History" for February, 1915.

*In a private communication from Berlin, which I have received through a third person since the present letter was sent to the *Nation,* Herr Lissauer states that the poem has been translated into French and Italian.

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English in the London *Daily Chronicle*, December 11, 1914):

Sing not the song of hate
It is a hateful song,
And foreign to the Austrian nature.
We are fighting, not for hate,
But against hate, and faithlessness, and greed, and envy,
Which have set the world in flames;
We are fighting for honour and right,
For Fatherland, home, morality, and civilization;
And we would prefer to fight with a pure conscience and pure heart.
Hence must we uphold, within ourselves, that love of our fellow-men which our noble troops have shown,
When they have handed over bread to the starving enemy in the trenches,
And which we are all in need of, despite the sorrow and suffering that is breaking the hearts of our old folk and women and children;
In order to go forward with confidence and courage;
To fulfil our duties, and to restore order and security.
Poison not the souls of the children with hate,
Nor with the thoughts of vengeance.
We are fighting for the later generations
That we may establish such a peace that never again shall the nations be roused to fury,
And brought to terrible crimes through reckless, hate-fanning, systematic lying,
Just as the Austrian soldier is not cruel,
So let the citizen at home keep his Austrian goodness of heart, and ever look upon the enemy as a fellow human creature.
Who soweth hate shall reap hate.
We are fighting for the peace of the world.
And may the Lord God in His grace soon grant it unto us.

The spirit of the German nation to-day seems to be the spirit of self-sufficiency and self-reliance. It is the spirit of von Bethmann-Hollweg, who would "hack his way through" all obstacles, material and moral; of Maximilian Harden, who has thrown away his scabbard and fights in the open for Germany above all the world; of Gabriele Reuter, who declares that hatred of England fills the breasts of all Germans in defiance of the command of Christ to love one's enemies. The lines from the poet whom the Germans call "unser Shakespeare," as Shaw pointed out, voices their defiance:

> Come the three corners of the world in arms
> And we shall shock them.

It has been the spirit of hatred against England, rather than Germany's military powers, which has shocked the world, whether in arms or not. In England Lissauer's "Hassgesang," upon its initial appearance, was met with calm and deliberate consideration. In a letter to the London *Times* (November 2, 1914) Lord Sherburne says: "I must confess to have read the hymn of hate with considerable satisfaction. . . . Germany's hatred is England's honour." In an editorial, the London *Times* (October 29, 1914), in dealing with the hymn of hate, has the following to say of Lissauer's poem:

> There is something frightful about it, something deadly, concentrated, malignant. It is no hysterical outburst of weakness, but a revelation of collected, conscious and purposeful rage. It will surprise no one who knows Germany well, for this hate of England is no sudden or passing emotion. No doubt it has been fanned white-hot by the war, but it has been gathering mass and secretly glowing for years, ready to burst into flame. . . . Germans do not dislike Englishmen but they loathe England; Englishmen have no animosity against Germany—or had none until now—but they dislike Germans, exclusive of personal friends. The strange thing is that Germans believe their country to be the object of intense hatred, envy, and jealousy. The charge is so wide of the mark, so far as the English are concerned, that they cannot believe it to be seriously made. It (The Hymn of Hate) only sums up in concentrated form many previous expressions of the same feeling. But it does so with an intensity which makes it a portent. Such verses spring only from the heart of a people, and we shall do well to note them.

There have been some repellent, but isolated, expressions of English hatred for the Kaiser—but no national expression of "collected, conscious, and purposeful rage." The venerable German novelist, Gabriele Reuter, has recently said that hatred of England has become the "sacred duty of every German"; and she forthrightly asks why Germany "should not hate the people who, for so long, have secretly waited for the day and hour to compass Germany's destruction." German hatred, she declares, is young and immature, as compared with the far deeper hatred of the British, which is a "cold, satanic hatred." Support is lent to this view by the appearance of a poem attributed to Earl Curzon of Kedleston, entitled "England's Response: A New Year's Prayer for 1915." The poem as recently published in this country (New York *American*, February 2) follows:

I pray that every passing hour
Your hearts may bruise and beat,
I pray that every step you take
May bruise and burn your feet!

I pray that beauty never more
May charm your eyes, your ears;
That you may march through day and night
Beneath a heaven of tears,
Blind to the humblest flowers that in
The hedgerow corners bloom,
Deaf to whatever sound or cry
May wake in you the memory
Of dear ones left at home.
I pray your guns may be engulfed
Beneath the loam—our loam!
I pray the streams—our streams—may leap
In floods above their banks and sweep
Your trampling hosts to doom!
I pray the spectres of our slain
May haunt you in your tents—
Vigil or sleep, whiche'er you seek—
Naught smelling but the bloody reek
Of our Holy Innocents.
I pray the ruins of our homes
May crush you like a worm,
Your brains beneath the torment reel,
Doubt from your hearts their fury steal,
Fear drive you like brute beasts that squeal
And fly before the storm!
I pray that you may live to writhe
'Neath every pang we've known;
Then haply may Almighty God
Spare the supreme avenging rod,
The eternal anger of His nod,
And say the miles that you have trod
Shall of themselves atone!

The spirit here expressed is unworthy of the England of the world's admiration. This is no tribal chant; it lacks the authentic note of the folk-song which we hear in Lissauer's poem. It does not "spring from the heart of a people." Solemn invocation of the spirit of hatred becomes mere personal invective. Such derivative poetry, with animosity unsanctified by the driving power of a terrible emotion, is futile and unworthy. It seems to bear out the idea of the London *Times* that England hates not Germany, but the Germans. This poem is "full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall." Similar ones, of course, have appeared in Germany; but Earl Curzon, apostle of Greater Britain, and former Viceroy of India, does not give us here, we are assured, the spirit of that truly greater England celebrated by Helen Gray Cone in her really beautiful poem, "A Chant of Love for England" (*Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1915), quoted below:

A song of hate is a song of Hell;
Some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song;
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love—
England!
Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not—
Hers is the story, hers be the glory,
England!

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's,
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor,
Deem ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground—
Keats is beauty while earth spins round!
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea;
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free!
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal; splendor eternal,
England!

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

Chapel Hill, N. C., February 12.

AN INQUIRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In many of Geneva's homes, doubtless in nearly every American city, hang various reproductions of Guido Reni's Aurora. The original, intact and still brilliant in color, is painted upon the ceiling of the casino attached to the palace of the princely Rospigliosi family in Rome.

Under the well-known engraving of this picture by Raphael Morghen, published in 1787, appear four hexameter Latin lines. They describe the picture, as if in color, and were probably actually written for that purpose. They sound like Ovid, and quite like a particular passage in the Phaethon episode of the Metamorphoses. That is not strange, because Ovid's work was very familiar and helpful to the cinquecento artists as well as scholars. But they are not from any classical Latin poet; the "Thesaurus" easily settles that. Though clever and correct enough, they are not beyond the powers of an Italian scholar in the sixteenth century, or of a British Latinist in the eighteenth. They are not to be seen either in photographs or painted copies of the Roman original, so far as I can discover.

Can any one tell me positively that these verses are, or are not, on the Rospigliosi ceiling itself? Or has any one any further light on their origin? I add the verses, and a rough attempt to express their meaning in the same measure.

Quadrijugis invectus equis Sol aureus exit,
Cui septem variis circumstant vestibus Horæ.
Lucifer antevolat. Rapidi fuge lampada Solis,
Aurora, umbrarum victrix, ne victa recedas!

Drawn by his four-fold horses the golden Sun is departing,
While with their robes bright-tinted the seven Hours gather about him.
Lucifer flits to the fore. Aurora, queller of shadows,
Flee from the swift Sun's torch, lest thou in turn may'st be vanquished!

WILLIAM C. LAWTON.

Geneva, N. Y., March 1.

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Literature

SOCIAL MOVEMENTS IN ENGLAND.

Toynbee Hall and the English Settlement Movement. By Werner Picht. London: G. Bell & Sons. $1.25.

We know of no more agreeable introduction to the study of the English Settlement Movement than this incisive work of Dr. Picht, to which Lilian A. Cowell, of Girton, has given an English dress which matches well the German. We note with satisfaction that the bibliography, which is more to be commended on qualitative than on quantitative grounds, precedes the introduction, thus losing something of the perfunctory air which bibliographies so frequently have in the eyes of lay readers. At the back of the book is a Chronology, beginning with 1796, the year of Carlyle's birth, and ending with 1913, when Samuel A. Barnett died. A footnote enjoins upon the reader to notice the parallelism between the development of democracy and the efforts of the Social Idealists. There is, too, an appendix containing a list of the settlements in Great Britain and a brief characterization of the work which each is attempting.

Dr. Picht traces the Settlement Movement to Carlyle and Ruskin. It is the natural outcome of Social Idealism, an intellectual movement of which they were the fountain-head. In their train of thought lay the germ of the settlement idea, which was put into practice as soon as their influence became pronounced. They are likened to the prophets of Israel in their attempt to quicken the conscience of the nation. Yet even before Ruskin lifted up his voice, Oxford and Cambridge began to feel the weight of the social misery of London. In 1854, Maurice founded the Working Men's College in London, and later the universities began to found missions in the slums of the metropolis. At the end of the 'sixties the University Extension Movement set in. And many a man went to work independently to study the misery of London. One of the first was Edward Denison.

But the man who most inspired the younger Oxford generation was Arnold Toynbee, whose activities began about a generation ago. The story of his life is the best introduction to a study of the Settlement Movement; for, as Dr. Picht reminds us, he was, like every apostle, greatest not in his work, not in his deeds, but as a personality from which a stream of light and life issued wherever he passed. Toynbee was born in 1852 and died in 1883. In 1873 he entered at Pembroke College, Oxford, and in 1875 became a member of Balliol and an enthusiastic pupil of Thomas Hill Green. Later he was appointed a tutor at Balliol, and lectured on the history and principles of economics. In 1879 he married. Such are the meagre external facts which constitute the life of one of the finest spirits of the nineteenth century. Toynbee had been in his grave a year when the Settlement Movement took definite shape. Its founder was Samuel A. Barnett, vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, with whom the idea had been ripening since the early 'seventies. In 1875, and again and again afterwards, Mr. and Mrs. Barnett visited Oxford and Cambridge and discussed the plan they had at heart. Especially in Oxford there collected round them a circle of loyal friends, with Arnold Toynbee, "a master of men, ruler of a spiritual kingdom," at their head.

The Settlement Movement fills one of the most honorable chapters, and not the least important one, Dr. Picht thinks, in the history of modern England. Nevertheless, he finds that it has not developed as its founders expected, and that now, when their generation is beginning to die out, it is approaching a crisis, indeed is already in the midst of it. Its weakness lies in the fact that the settlers are no Franciscans, but on an average nothing more or less than lovable, healthy, prosperous young Englishmen, with good hearts, in whom during the daytime, in their profession, one sees nothing remarkable to distinguish them from others of their kind. In the women's settlements the case is different, in so far as most of their residents give their whole life to social work; but they come hardly nearer to the Franciscan ideal on this account. The greatness and the tragedy of the Movement lie, to Dr. Picht's mind, in the fact that it has undertaken to place men of the world in the service of a work to which they are not equal. They did not make it quite clear to themselves what it meant to be a voluntary neighbor to the poor, and the history of the Movement means one single, fervent lesson in this direction—with varying success.

From the outset the settlers stood on principle in opposition to the old type of well-meaning, condescending philanthropist, who expects that his gifts will be received with humble gratitude. On the whole, it was their earnest wish to place themselves on an equal footing with the working class. They expected no thanks. They did not think themselves specially noble, but rather the representatives of the bad conscience of their class. They would have emphatically refused to characterize their work as a sacrifice, and they knew that they were at least as much learners as teachers. But even the best have their share of the weakness and prejudice of their time: they also, although unconsciously, had not the respect for the workingman's right to inward and outward independence which it would have been natural to give to those belonging to their own class. What Dr. Picht means is, that self was not effaced, that they did not become mere tools in the service of a higher power, it being only by such means that one gains the confidence and friendship of the workingmen. This is his fundamental, though not his only, criticism of the Settlement Movement.

Of the University Extension Movement he speaks not altogether hopefully. It has conquered, one may almost say by storm, the circles attainable by it, a sign that it met a real need, that it was a real necessity. Still, the quality of the accomplished work forces one to severe criticism. Statistics and experience show that it has not escaped the danger of making education too cheap. Everywhere there is a falling off in the attendance at the discussions following the lectures, in the writing of papers, in the examinations. One reason for this is found in the increasing desire for amusement and the mania for sport. Another may be looked for in the increase of technical institutes and the new provincial universities. However, the Movement itself has to bear the final responsibility. On the one hand, even where it accomplishes least, in an Oxford course of six lectures, without much attendant work, it presupposes more perseverance and interest than the isolated lectures which represent almost the only corresponding educative factor in the life of the German middle class. On the other hand, it creates a half-education which is unconscious of its worthlessness, and therefore worse than ignorance. So far as reaching the workingman is concerned, the Movement is an emphatic failure.

Of the Workers' Educational Association, of whose work he gives an admirable description, Dr. Picht speaks with suspended judgment. To-day it is rather a promise than a fulfilment. It possesses spiritual factors which inspire confidence; they promise a great future. The Workers' Educational Association has understood in a rare way how to attract personalities. Whatever the future may bring, there is, this German critic thinks, no stronger force at present at work in England in building up a democratic system of education.

CURRENT FICTION.

Young Earnest. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Young Greedy" would be a more descriptive, if less attractive, title for this narrative by a prominent member of the current English pseudo-realistic school. Greed for sensation, for personal liberty, for ruthless self-expression, for "life" as a piece of booty to be snatched, after the necessary glass-smashing, from the pawnshop windows of society—this is the business about which our hero, like so many other pitiful heroes of recent fiction, is dead in earnest. There is one uncommon thing about him—he is not alleged to be any sort of "artist." In consequence, there are no descriptions of alleged masterpieces to make us blink or yawn, nor does the protagonist wear the mask of a specially licensed "temperament." Before his secession, he is a sufficiently unlikely recruit for the army of rebellion—a teacher of economics in the provincial university of "Thrigsby." His inheritance, to be sure, is not of the safest. His father is "a bad Fourmy," the vagabond son of a (disgustingly) respectable family. "Young Earnest" in due season imitates him by deserting his job and his wife; goes to London, becomes a taxicab driver, and lives in a slum; takes a factory

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girl for his mistress, and when he finds her pregnant leaves her to make another free, but this time perfect, alliance with a love of his youth. He has inherited a little fortune, and we leave him comfortable and complacent, with his mate and their three technically named children, companions, we are to understand, in an innocent and endless idyll. After all this squalid, selfish drifting, we are to believe the voyager nobly arrived at last. In a final chapter unexpectedly called Young Love Dreaming, we leave our exultant and poetic two on the sun-skissed slope:

"I always feel," said René once, "as though we had had a narrow escape.". . .

"Escape from what, my dear?"

"I know," he said. "This is the truth of us. Escape from sleep and death."

For sleep and death, read respectability and conformity.

Red Poppies. By Margarete Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is the story of Peter Loring, born and brought up in a little New England town; of how, at the age of six, he saw a little girl standing in a garden of red poppies, and of what came of it. During his boyhood Peter lived among surroundings mildly uncongenial. The trouble seems to have been that he was constantly in dread of "seeming queer," while his elders had in common a pestilent habit of "smiling mysteriously" in season and out of season. His parson-father had, in some vague way, dedicated him to the Lord, and it was with difficulty that he acquired a paint-box, was allowed to take painting lessons, and finally, through the intervention of Maurice Atherton—instructor at Harvard, *deus ex machina*, and to the unregenerate reader a bit of a bore—was sent to "Art School," and subsequently to Paris. On his return he blossoms forth into a fashionable portrait-painter, a development of which Virginia Grey—the damsel of the poppies, now arrived at years of quasi-discretion—strongly disapproves. Peter's brief sojourn in the Bohemia of Munich does not mend matters, so far as Virginia is concerned, though it improves his technique. The pictures he has to show her when she turns up in his studio with Aunt Clarissa and the useful Atherton are clearly not suited to *la jeune fille*—a fact which ought to have occurred to him—but Mr. Atherton is equal to the occasion, and carries him off on a sketching tour in Italy and the Black Forest, where the models are mainly innkeepers' daughters and fully clothed. A note from Virginia confessing a certain loneliness, and parenthetically remarking that the neighbors in Gullport, Mass., think her "queer," awakens a responsive thrill, and Peter leaves Mr. Atherton *planté là*, and, returning to Munich, paints a *chef-d'œuvre*—nothing less than the vision of the child and the poppies—with which he hastens back to Gullport, takes America by storm, and incidentally squares himself with Virginia. The story is, in many respects, well told. The *deus ex machina* does not perform miracles, merely guiding the errant Peter along the predestined paths. Probably its greatest defect is an almost total absence of humor. The characters take one another in deadly earnest, and the author encourages them by doing the same for the whole galaxy. The proof-reading is appalling. "Zuluologa" looks like a portmanteau word containing equal parts of Fuzzy-Wuzzy and a celebrated Spanish painter. We suppose that the prevailing pronunciation of Latin accounts for "memento more."

The Flying U's Last Stand. By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.30 net.

A Siren of the Snows. By Stanley Shaw. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.30 net.

Of these two stories of Western setting and Western red-bloodedness, the latter may be acquitted of any taint of genuine realism. A more frankly melodramatic "scenario" was never drafted by the experienced retailers of international intrigue. The plot which the young American Secret Service agent discovers, and which leads him far into Canada for its full unravelling, threatens the very existence of the United States, and involves ex-Premiers and Senators in startling rôles. The book "rivals E. Phillips Oppenheim at his best," and in its presentation of guides swearing By Gar! of Mackinaw-clad lumbermen, of backwoodsmen of all sorts, it quite outdoes him. Mr. Bower's volume, however, has all the good and bad qualities of "The Gringos" and "The Ranch of the Wolverine." Its story concerns the attempt of a Minneapolis business woman of the most pushing sort to settle a colony of Eastern land-seekers on the Flying U Ranch, under the old land-claim laws. How the ranchmen keep off the claim-jumpers while striving to maintain their decaying industry of cattle-raising upon a profitable scale furnishes much diverting incident. A certain breeziness atones for the want of style and finish, and the characterization in especial has a deal of vigor.

The Valley of Fear. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Co.

We have been exaggerating the horrors of the war in Europe; for plainly it cannot be an altogether wicked war which has left Sir Arthur Conan Doyle enough leisure from his anti-German pamphlets to write another Sherlock Holmes volume. Holmes is here in the very first paragraph, relaxed in his dressing-gown, but still a formidable refutation of the argument about the disastrous mental effects of the drug habit. Never has the sure clutch of the Holmsian analytic method fastened so firmly upon the reader as in the opening pages of the new story. The manner is, of course, essentially mechanical, but Sir Arthur has not lost the magic which makes his automaton a man. Dr. Watson has acquired self-confidence and poise and a rather pretty sense of humor; his mind, too, works a little faster, but he still manages to travel the required half-length behind the flashing intuitions of Sherlock Holmes. The story in itself is good, if somewhat thin. One rather regrets to see Conan Doyle utilizing the ancient device of cross-examining the butler, the housekeeper, and the maids, ostensibly for the purpose of finding out who killed Mr. James Douglas, but really to consume space. Even at that, the readable portion of the book ends half-way. The writer has employed the very same method he made use of in his earliest success, "A Study in Scarlet." It will be recalled that in the first half of that story an English mystery was to be solved. In the second half the author went to America, and to the time of the Mormons, for an explanation of motive. In "A Study in Scarlet" the interest was well sustained, even after the suspense was over. In the present story, based evidently on the history of the Molly Maguires, but brought up to date and placed in the Far West, there is very little interest of any kind. The work is amateurish, and all the necessary information might have been conveyed briefly in the course of the main narrative. But half a book of Sherlock Holmes is better than a dozen books of almost any other kind.

WONDERS OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

The End of the Trail. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

On Sunset Highways. By Thomas D. Murphy. Boston: The Page Co. $3.

California the Wonderland. By Edwin Markham. New York: Hearst's International Library Co. $2.50.

Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico. By Ellsworth L. Kolb. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Among the Canadian Alps. By Lawrence J. Burpee. New York: John Lane Co. $3 net.

Judging by the number of new books on the Pacific Slope, from California to Alaska, there is more demand just now for volumes on this topic than on any other, excepting the war; and the war is even more responsible for this demand than the Panama Expositions, in San Francisco and San Diego. Among the thousands who will go West this year are a large number of motorists who were in the habit of going abroad every summer. To these, Mr. Powell's "The End of the Trail" will prove an inestimable boon, telling them just what to do and where to go to enjoy the real spirit of the West—to get at "the unexplored and unexploited portions of the 'Last West.'" He is convinced that if it were generally known among motorists how favorably the scenery and climate of this part of America compare with the most favored parts of Europe (in which he has toured frequently), they would come pouring out in such numbers that there wouldn't be garages enough to hold their cars. As for roads, California alone, two years ago, voted $18,000,000 for their improvement; and those who like comfort need take few chances anywhere. In going from Lake Tahoe, in California, to the Columbia River, and in British Columbia, the author himself preferred novelty and ad-

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venture to smooth roads—and he got them with a vengeance. He begins with New Mexico, Arizona, and southern California, concerning which he is brimful of information, which he imparts in a style as racy as the speech of their inhabitants. He even knows how to write freshly about such well-worn topics as Catalina Island and the Yosemite. We know no book on the Pacific Slope which is better worth reading than this, not only by motorists, but by all tourists, as well as by those who are dreaming of new homes in the Far West, or who simply like to know about its charms and wonders. The author's accounts of the almost incredible marvels of Imperial Valley, where twelve crops of alfalfa are raised in one year; of the gold that grows on trees in the California orange belt; of the one hundred and twenty-five square miles of fruit trees in snow-white blossoms at one time in the Santa Clara Valley; of the glorious view of Mt. Hood across the Hood River apple orchards, which Mr. Powell considers of "more surpassing splendor" than any outlook in Switzerland—these and dozens of other pen-pictures must make every reader eager to see these things with his own eyes; and the numerous admirable illustrations more than bear out the writer's glowing descriptions.

Another book of motor rambles, which, however, confines itself to California, is "On Sunset Highways," by Thomas D. Murphy, who, like Mr. Powell, qualified himself for describing this region by extensive residence abroad and by writing of his travels. The numerous beautiful illustrations, sixteen of them in colors, embodying the latest refinements of the art of reproduction, make this really a "holiday book"—but is not a trip to the Pacific Coast a holiday, too? A Motor Paradise is the name of the first chapter, and the other fourteen chapters bear out its appropriateness in detail. What the author found worth seeing and describing Round About Los Angeles alone takes up seventy pages. He, also, has much to say about the wonders of Imperial Valley, where land which, in 1900, was dear at a dollar and a quarter is now actually sold at one thousand times that sum.

Mr. Markham's book also is devoted to California, with the exception of a brief section at the end giving glimpses of Oregon and Washington. He writes of the Pacific Coast, not as a tourist himself, but as one who spent forty years within the boundaries of California. Joaquin Miller, Ambrose Bierce, and William Keith were his neighbors for years, and he personally knew most of the authors and artists of both sexes who have helped to make this State famous. To them and their achievements he devotes an interesting part of his book. It is a volume almost encyclopædic in scope and variety of information. Beginning with remote geological ages when the mountains had their birth, he describes the Indians and their customs and then sketches, briefly but picturesquely, the various events which have made California the most interesting State to write about in the Union. The industries are not neglected, and much is said about fruits and flowers. He notes that Imperial Valley exported 75,000,000 melons in one year, and that 5,000 wells in 1912 produced crude oil worth $36,000,000. The principal cities are described; urban and rural scenes are pictured in sixty-five excellent illustrations; and, for good measure, a number of poems are thrown in for the delectation of admirers of the author of "The Man with the Hoe."

There are now so many transcontinental railways that the choice of one by lovers of fine scenery is anything but easy. Whichever they may take in one direction, however, they cannot afford to miss the Grand Cañon of Arizona, going or returning. In case of limited time, a day or two extra suffices for a glimpse of this the most awe-inspiring of our scenic wonders, "scarcely belonging to our era any more than the mammoth or the pterodactyl." Major Powell was the first to describe this stupendous fissure made by the Colorado River. Mr. Dellenbaugh has since issued two volumes, "The Romance of the Grand Canyon" and "A Canyon Voyage," which may serve as guidebooks to those who are reckless enough to attempt the descent, in rowboats, of "some fourteen hundred miles of water both mysterious and ferocious." Few of those who have attempted the feat survived to tell the tale. The brothers Kolb did survive—fortunately, not only for themselves, but for those who wish to become further acquainted with the romance and the dangers of this river. Their book does not attempt to be serviceable as a guide, but is simply a narrative of how two men, in quest of photographs, once more dared the dangers of this natural "war zone," with its thousands of rapids, whirlpools, and deadly rocks, "sharp as a hound's tooth." They always thought they "needed a certain amount of thrills to make life sufficiently interesting," and they got them, with a vengeance. They ran dangerous rapids just for fun, sometimes twice, one of the men being in the boat while the other, on shore, used the camera; for one of their main objects in making this perilous trip was to procure the moving pictures which have since become famous. Sixty-one illustrations add to the attractiveness of this exciting book, which gives vivid and realistic glimpses of the peaceful, æsthetic, and human aspects of the trip, as well as of its hourly dangers.

From the depths of the Arizona cañon we ascend, in the last book on our list, to the summits of the Canadian Alps. There is already a considerable library on the Canadian Rockies. Mr. Burpee gives a list of such books, and from some he quotes in his pages. He himself is a F.R.G.S., with wide experience in climbing, and he knows how to tell his adventures in entertaining fashion. His book is particularly valuable as a timely account of the latest roads and other improvements that make Canada's mountains and national parks accessible to tourists, wherefore it is indispensable to those who include Canada in their transcontinental tour. Never before has the astonishing wealth of our neighbor of glorious mountain parks been so thoroughly and alluringly revealed, and the abundant illustrations testify to the fact that the author is not over-enthusiastic. The picture of the "Canadian Matterhorn" (Mt. Assiniboine, facing page 68) has an almost uncanny resemblance to the most sublime of the Swiss peaks, except that it lacks its ferocity.

ITALIAN STATESMANSHIP.

Italy's Foreign and Colonial Policy: A Selection from the Speeches Delivered in the Italian Parliament by the Italian Foreign Affairs Minister, Senator Tommaso Tittoni, during his Six Years of Office (1903-1909). Translated by Baron Bernardo Quaranta di San Severino. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

Signor Tittoni's speeches are interesting in ways which he did not intend. They disclose, for instance, how an expert diplomatic tactician can manage during a crisis to speak with apparent effusiveness, if not with candor, and yet avoid giving the information asked for or defining the Government's intentions. To urge Parliament to rely upon the Administration to uphold the cherished ideals of the nation does not go far towards satisfying sincere questioners. That this seems so often to be the gist of Signor Tittoni's speeches is a tribute to his adroitness. We would not imply that the Italian Foreign Minister has no more to offer than this; but this is the lasting impression which the reading of his speeches has made upon us.

Baron di San Severino has selected the more important utterances on three topics—foreign policy, emigration, and colonial policy. The first concerns chiefly Italy's relations with the great Powers, her guiding motto being "Loyalty to the Triple Alliance, cordial friendship with England and France." In view of what has happened since last summer, Signor Tittoni's efforts (from 1903 to 1909) to keep on good terms with both of Italy's partners in the Triplice and with her friends in the Entente have special significance. We admire more than once the buoyancy with which he treats the studied annoyances, sometimes rising to the asperity of insults, of Austria, because he knew that he could not afford, by resenting them, to incur the insolence of Germany.

So far as Signor Tittoni's testimony goes, Italy derived no particular benefit from her partnership in the Triple Alliance, except the somewhat chimerical satisfaction of feeling that, if France should attack her, Germany would punish France. As a commentary on this policy we have only to remember that it was the *Italian* statesman, Visconti Venosta, who presided over the Algeciras Conference which decided in favor of the *French* and against the *German* contention: a sign, it might be argued, of the side on which Italy's true interests lay. One must admit, however, that the Foreign Minister played his thankless rôle fairly well; because, although it was plain to observers behind the scenes that Germany and Austria pursued their schemes in the Balkans and

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elsewhere without giving even polite attention to Italy's interests, Signor Tittoni succeeded in keeping up the bluff before his countrymen that Italy was an important member of the Triplice.

Readers who do not recall that as long ago as the 'eighties Bismarck not only tolerated but encouraged Italy in serving as a go-between with England may be surprised by the evidence here produced that the Teutonic Powers did not frown upon Tittoni's policy of keeping in friendly touch with the Western Powers. That Italy, as the Mediterranean nation *par excellence*, should aim at protecting herself from possible attack by the French and British navies was simply common-sense.

Americans may be recommended to study the section devoted to Emigration, since it is important that they should understand the policy and sentiments of the country which has recently been sending us the largest numbers of our foreign-born workers. The third of the volume which deals with Italy's colonial policy is mainly noteworthy because it sheds light on the subsequent Tripolitan venture. Signor Tittoni's term of service came after the shocking disasters in Abyssinia, and before the forward movement in what the Italians like to call Libya. The translation betrays in many places the unidiomatic English of a foreigner; but it seldom fails to adumbrate the meaning of the original.

Notes

Longmans, Green & Co. will publish this month "A Surgeon in Belgium," by H. S. Souttar.

"Pepper," by Holworthy Hall, is announced for publication this month by the Century Co.

"Heroic France," by Anna Bowman Dodd, is announced for publication through Poor's Printing Press.

Little, Brown & Co. will publish on Saturday: "The Taming of Amorette," by Anne Warner; "The Flying U's Last Stand," by B. M. Bower, and "A Siren of the Snows," by Stanley Shaw.

Macmillan's spring list of publications, in addition to those previously mentioned, includes the following, among miscellaneous volumes: "Keeping Physically Fit," by William J. Cromie; "Highways and Byways of California," by Clifton Johnson; "The Picturesque Hudson," by Clifton Johnson; "The Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture," edited by L. H. Bailey.—Education: "The Practical Conduct of Play," by Henry S. Curtis; "The Lesson in Appreciation: An Essay in the Pedagogy of Beauty," by F. H. Hayward; "Fundamentals in Methods," by James Kennedy.—Social Science Textbook Series: "Outlines of Sociology," by F. W. Blackmar; "Comparative Free Government," by Jesse Macy; "The New American Government," by James T. Young: "An Introduction to the Study of Government," by Lieut.-Col. Lucius H. Holt; "The Control and Leadership of Men," by Enoch Burton Gowin; "A Student's History of Education," by Frank Pierrepont Graves; "State and County School Administration, Vol. II. Source Book," by Ellwood P. Cubberley; "Hancock's Applied Mechanics for Engineers," rewritten and revised by Norman C. Riggs; "Modern Essays," selected and arranged by John Milton Berdan; "A Middle English Reader," by Oliver F. Emerson.

The purpose of "Town Planning," by George Cadbury, jr. (Longmans, Green; $2.25 net), is to give some practical suggestions upon the subject it treats, with special reference to the Birmingham, Eng., schemes. This purpose limits its interest for the general reader, particularly in this country. The author is a member of the Town Planning Committee of the Birmingham City Council, and has had a part in the development of which he writes.

A good cause can survive much ill-directed effort on its behalf, and consequently prison reform is not likely to be greatly retarded by Julian Hawthorne's pictures and denunciations of prison life as he saw and felt it in Atlanta ("The Subterranean Brotherhood"; McBride, Nast; $1.50 net). His testimony is subject to discount from the beginning, since he went to prison as a misjudged man, who would not easily see anything good in the system under which he was being punished. Nor does he. The only solution of the prison problem, he tells us, is no prisons. As to what shall take their place, he is conveniently hazy, but leaves the impression that if the non-criminal classes would only stop thinking themselves better than the rest, the first great step towards preventing criminality would have been taken. Little good can come from so one-sided and passionate a narrative as this, which might have been rarely useful. There is, no doubt, too much truth in his criticisms of conditions at Atlanta, but they would have to be verified before serving as a basis of action. A huge gulf lies between this book and such an account as Thomas Mott Osborne's "Within Prison Walls."

That the old-time qualification of the Italianate Englishman may have applied equally to the Italianate Spaniard is suggested by the stories of the "holy" Duchess of Villahermosa and her brother, the saintly Francis de Borja, captain-general of the Jesuits. In fact, as Lady Moreton brings out in "A Playmate of Philip II" (John Lane; $3 net), the Spanish Borgias were a very respectable lot. The book is not written about the Borgias, nor, primarily, about the "holy duchess"—whose history has been set forth more than once already—but about the Duchess's husband, Don Martin de Gurrea y Aragón, Count of Ribagorza, Duke of Villahermosa, whose life has never been written, though the materials were mostly accessible. Indeed, Lady Moreton claims no merit except in that she has made a patchwork of the existing narratives, "just as a tailor useth his needle to sew together pieces of cloth." The earlier chroniclers were right, we think, in devoting their lucubrations to Doña Luisa; she was the better man of the two. But our author has chosen Don Martin as a convenient peg on which to hang much not uninteresting gossip of old Spain, in the course of which appear figures whom we are glad to meet again in environments somewhat different from those in which we have been used to envisage them. The chapter in which the Duke is put forward as the possible original of Don Quixote is a model of how historical criticism should not be written, but Pedrola is undoubtedly Don Quixote country, and it is pleasant to wander there with Cervantes, in the train of his friend and patron Giulio Aquaviva and Aragon. Of the Duke we read as a highly respectable and cultured grandee, who served his country well in the wars of the second half of the sixteenth century, and by his equanimity in good and evil fortune merited the nickname bestowed upon him by his royal playmate—"the philosopher of Aragon." He was, besides, an ardent antiquary and collector, and in the "Discorsi"—one of his two surviving works—made an important contribution to the foundation of the modern science of numismatics.

The Essex Institute has issued the concluding volume of the Diary of William Bentley, D.D., Pastor of the East Church of Salem ($3.50 net). The characteristics of this interesting work were indicated in these columns upon the appearance of former portions, in 1906 and 1911. Here certainly was a diarist who put his hand to the plough and did not turn back. On December 29, 1819, a round dozen different items were entered, ranging from a Bankruptcy bill in Congress over many lands and seas to the powers of the Board of Trade in Bengal. That evening he went out to call upon a parishioner, returned at a brisk pace about ten o'clock, fell to the floor upon entering his room, and expired almost immediately. If the progress of the Baptists and other disapproved sects continued to worry his soul to the end, it is also true that he continued to find frequent solace in picking up some fair young parishioner of the opposite sex and going down to "the Neck" for a day of recreation. This was oftener "My H. C." than any other, Hannah Crowninshield, his pupil and a daughter of Benjamin Crowninshield. In the sombre tone of the entry in which he describes "the most interesting scene of my life," the delivery of this genial young lady in marriage to Lieut. Armstrong, of the United States navy, one feels the painful throbbing of an emotion strangled down doubtless out of conscientious regard for the incompatibility of "youth and crabbed age." In these four volumes is contained an immense deposit of historical and personal information, impossible of facile use because of the defects of an unusually voluminous index.

Harold Begbie's "Kitchener" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net) grows under the reader's eyes into a book of over a hundred pages. Mr. Begbie appears to possess but meagre material, in addition to a theory, regarding the elusive, taciturn personality he is studying, and only the war affords an excuse for the book. The life of Kitchener remains to be written, and, as Mr. Begbie suggests, he is at a critical period of his career. It is hardly fair, however, to attribute no small part of Kitchener's success to the force of a dominant personality rather than to the possession of a native genius for organization. Kitchener's wonderful executive ability, as G. W. Steevens has shown, was adequately proved during the trying Egyptian campaign, also in the final stage of the Boer War, and the fact that he was assisted by a brilliant staff of able soldiers should not detract anything from his individual genius. Luck, where administration is concerned, is

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scarcely ever a considerable factor. Mr. Begbie makes too much of this strong, dominant leader's "My God, if I had failed!" in reference to the Egyptian coup. Indeed, Mr. Begbie has depended altogether on hearsay and gossip for a great part of his anecdotes, and in the presentation of these inconclusive data he betrays a novelist's assiduous interest. Of the Fashoda incident an unnecessary tact has allowed only passing mention. His theory that Kitchener owes his present eminence in the Ministry to the exploitation of his personality by the Liberals for the furtherance of enthusiasm and confidence during the present crisis, though elaborate, is unconvincing. On the whole, the most pertinent chapter in the book is entitled Kitchener's Battles, and this, Mr. Begbie admits, comes from the pen of an anonymous military student.

Prof. John S. P. Tatlock develops his attack on Chaucer's "Franklin's Tale" from several new points, and, without being able to report the complete reduction of this difficult problem, has drawn his lines much closer around it. As his title indicates, "The Scene of the Franklin's Tale Visited" (Chaucer Society, issue for 1911), he begins with a study of the Breton setting of the poem. Penmark still has its "grisly rokkes blake," just as Chaucer describes them, but there is no bold shore, such as he seems to imply; just such a blend of fact and imagination as one would expect in a writer who got his information from hearsay; and Chaucer, as is made abundantly clear, had many opportunities to converse with people who knew their Brittany. The name of Arveragus's home, Kayrrud, no trace of which is discoverable in the vicinity of Penmark, is neither a good Breton spelling nor a likely French form, but perhaps the result of Chaucer's English way of writing what he heard. The direction in which the evidence of the setting points us, by its full detail, now right, now wrong, is away from the view, set forth some years ago with extraordinary ingenuity by Professor Schofield, that Chaucer was dealing, as he professes to be, with a genuine traditional Breton lay, in all extant examples of which geographical localization is of the most vague kind, and towards a view which would regard Chaucer as deliberately constructing the background for his story out of report and his own good imagination. But why all this solicitude for fabricating a setting of ancient pagan times? Because, suggests Professor Tatlock, wishing to use feats of magic in his tale, of a sort regarded in his own times as "damnable," Chaucer has sought to increase its plausibility and dignity by thrusting it back into a remote pagan age, leaving the Franklin free to express his own orthodox disbelief in such "superstitious cursedness." To present this argument in bare abstract without the wealth of detail which sheds light on it from many directions is to do it scant justice. The hypothesis is put forward with all caution, and until more is known of Chaucer's immediate source (to which Menedon's story in Boccaccio's "Filocolo" is certainly closely related) it must be received with caution. But whether this particular point carries perfect conviction or not, Professor Tatlock's paper, viewed as a study of how Chaucer set to work, is of the highest interest.

Mrs. C. C. Stopes's "Shakespeare's Environment" (G. Bell & Sons) is a collection of articles on Shakespearean and other topics (mainly of the sixteenth century) which she has published from time to time in various periodicals—especially the *Athenæum*. Some of the most important of them—viz., those which relate to William Hunnis, Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal, and to the Burbages, have already been expanded into the author's well-known books on these subjects. Mrs. Stopes gives the first place in the collection to her investigations concerning the property nterests of Shakespeare's parents in Warwickshire—namely, at Snitterfield and "Asbies." She has gone into these questions even more thoroughly than Halliwell-Phillips, and it is not due to any want of industry on her part if the transactions involved still remain somewhat obscure. Her position is that all this litigation not only gave Shakespeare the familiarity which he displays with legal terminology, but that the failure of the family to recover Asbies, in particular, was a decisive factor in his life, inasmuch as it compelled him to seek his fortunes in London. In "The True Story of the Stratford Bust" as originally published in Murray's *Monthly Review* (1904) Mrs. Stopes had argued for the engraving in Sir William Dugdale's "History of the Antiquities of Warwickshire" as an authentic likeness of the poet. This engraving, which was executed only some twenty years after Shakespeare's death, represents his bust in the church at Stratford-on-Avon as very different from what it is to-day. These differences Mrs. Stopes explains as due to the eighteenth century "restoration" of the monument. In the present volume, besides reprinting the above-mentioned article, she answers the criticisms of the late Andrew Lang and others, and presents some unpublished contemporary materials relating to the "restoration." It seems to us, however, that Lang's strictures still hold good, and that the author has undertaken a hopeless task in defending "the gloomy hypochondriac or lunatic, clasping a cushion to his abdomen" (Lang) of Dugdale's engraving as a true likeness of the great dramatist.

In addition to the articles which deal with Shakespeare and the Elizabethan stage there are several others of historical or antiquarian interest, *e. g.*, on the origin of the name "Piccadilly," on Jane, Royal Fool to Queen Mary and the only woman, as far as is known, who ever filled that office in England, on the Roll of Coventry, which contains an authentic record of the arrest of Henry V, when Prince of Wales, in that city on the order of the Mayor. This incident may well have been the source of the legend concerning the clash between Prince Hal and the Lord Chief Justice, which Shakespeare has made use of. Looking back over the volume as a whole, one must recognize that, despite the author's remarkable industry, it contains no single article of first-rate importance. Nevertheless, the collection was worth making, and it should find a place in the library of every well-equipped Shakespearean student.

The modern world continues to find romance in stories of the first awakening of Western commerce, and the growth of trade with the Far East: for England, and London in particular, around the dingy East India Docks there still flutters a pennant that gilds the past, while in America the tourist from the West still pays a pilgrimage to the old Derby wharf at Salem. The pages of Purchas are never dull reading, and from his record of Elizabethan enterprise, down to the last manifestation that flowered into the trade of the famous East India Company, we browse among inspiring annals. In "The Old East Indiamen" of E. Keble Chatterton (Philadelphia: Lippincott: $3 net) there is a story of these famous ships and voyages. The creation and assembling of the fleet was inevitable for the company, which had depended upon chartering its vessels for each voyage, and in 1609 the yard at Deptford was founded. Built as they were for the combined purpose of trade and defence, these ships were not so graceful in line as the oak men-o'-war o[e] the times. But their superiority was soon established over the rival Dutch, Portuguese, and French vessels. In models alone the rivalry was stimulating, and, for a period during the eighteenth century, the French ships surpassed all others in respect to speed and size. Mr. Chatterton's records of the famous fights of these Indiamen and privateers, their spoils, their personnel often recruited by press gangs, and their cargoes will complement the history of British India, which, in a few years, will have been sixty years under the Crown. But the fabulous trade, and the heyday of the Indiamen, passed nearly a hundred years ago. Competition entered when the Eastern seas were rendered safe to merchantmen, and at the close of their period of trade monopoly the doughty old Indiamen were soon outstripped by the fast American clipper. Indeed, this picturesque build revolutionized the great unwieldy two-deckers, with their towering, elaborately decorated poops, into the handier craft that soon gave way to steam and iron.

The history of the soldiers that fought for "Honourable John Company" (of the origin of which expression we still await a satisfactory explanation) is to be found in the annals of the British army—in the deeds of Clive and Wellesley, of Lord Roberts, who began service under the Company's flag. But the story of these stout 30-gun merchantmen is equally thrilling. Mr. Chatterton traces them all, from the famous early Edward Bonaventure, a sixteenth-century craft of 300 tons, down to the final company ship, the Elizabeth, which left the Thames in the spring of 1833 and reached China in January, 1834. The dispersal of their rich cargoes was always an event in the old auction rooms of the India House. A custom prevailed, known as selling by the light of a candle: "The article was put up for auction, a small piece of candle burning the while. So long as the piece of candle was there the bids could go on, but as soon as it burned out the last bid was completed, and no more could be made for that commodity." Mr. Chatterton has done justice to his interesting material. Though he fails to mention that John Paul Jones's famous flagship Bonhomme Richard was a captured East Indiaman, yet he avails himself of one or two conscious Americanisms: "They had to sail right away round the Cape of Good Hope" was surely meant to have a familiar ring!

A careful examination of the religious relations between early Christianity and Egypt is given in "Paganism and Christianity in Egypt" (Putnam; $1), by Philip David Scott-Moncrieff. The author's promising scholarly career was cut short by his death in February, 1911, before he had completed his twenty-

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ninth year. The present volume, which did not receive his final revision, has been edited by his friends, L. W. King and H. R. Hall. The Egyptian religion at the close of the Ptolemaic era and two centuries later, the beginning of Christianity as set forth in literary and documentary sources (largely papyri), and in archæological discoveries, early Christian iconography (Madonna and Child), the Pistis Sophia and other Gnostic writings, and the rise of Christian monasticism—these are the points discussed by the author with wide learning and critical insight. The volume will be a guide for the general reader and for those who desire to go deeper into the history of the period here considered.

The alleged genesis of Charles Tenney Jackson's "The Fountain of Youth" (Outing Publishing Company; $2 net) is far enough out of the usual rut to attract attention. Two men who have never seen each other before are introduced at "the University Club." Thin-haired bachelors, in their middle thirties, tired of life's hurries and worries and artificialities, stomachs blasé and brains unable to secrete a due amount of intellectual pepsin, too grouchy to get along comfortably even with their business associates, they both grasp at a suggestion whimsically put forth by one of them to get a canoe and paddle around the Gulf of Mexico. A telegram goes at once to Old Town, Maine, ordering a canoe sent immediately to New Orleans, and at six-thirty the same evening the two are on a Lake Shore Pullman headed for the South. One had spent the intervening hours in getting together the necessary "kit," the other in a hasty "cram" of information from the Coast and Geodetic Survey reports. While waiting in vain for the arrival of the canoe, destroyed in a wreck en route, they get interested in the swamp and lake region southward from New Orleans, and finally spend three or four months paddling around the Barataria Bay region in a pirogue, with an occasional "lift" from some more pretentious craft, propelled by sail or gasolene. It is the country from which Jean Lafitte and his motley crowd of pirates, smugglers, and outlawed slave-dealers came up to the help of General Jackson in the battle of New Orleans, known better to readers of the present day, perhaps, through a few vivid pen pictures by Lafcadio Hearn. The overflow of the Mississippi added the spice of real peril to the experience, and on one occasion the timely discovery of a platform-dwelling in the tree-tops was possibly alone responsible for the fact that the wanderers survived to tell their tale. There is, of course, the inevitable seasoning of alligators and pickaninnies, live oaks and water lilies, hot biscuit and rice and Spanish moss and Creole dialect; but if the weariness of life with which the writer tells us that he started out was real, it at least yielded to the outdoor treatment soon enough not to infect the story. Even the conventional elements in it are told in a fresh and interesting way.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Traill Horn, of the faculty of the Lutheran Theological Seminary, Mount Airy, Philadelphia, Pa., and one of the most eminent clergymen of the Lutheran Church in this country, died on March 4. Dr. Horn was born in Easton, Pa., June 10, 1850. He graduated from Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, in 1869, and from the Theological Seminary in 1872. The same year he was ordained in the ministry of the Lutheran Church. He became professor of ethics and theory and practice of missions of the Lutheran Theological Seminary in 1911. From 1909 to 1911 he was president of the Lutheran Ministerium, Pennsylvania, and he was a member of the Board of Foreign Missions of the General Council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in North America. Among Dr. Horn's publications are: "The Christian Year," 1876; "Old Matin and Vesper Services of the Lutheran Church," 1882; "The Evangelical Pastor," 1887; "Outline of Liturgics," 1890; "Lutheran Sources of the Common Service," 1890, and other religious books. He was regarded as an authority on liturgics in the Lutheran Church.

Notes from the Capital

A CHOICE IN HOBSONS.

WASHINGTON, March 8.

Though Richmond Pearson Hobson went out with the Sixty-third Congress, his light did not. He is still young enough to be reckoned with, and he has in politics the same trick of resurgence after submersion as marked his Merrimac exploit. Indeed, he had shown it nine years before the war with Spain. In the Naval Academy, one of his duties for a time was to report sundry misdemeanors committed by other cadets; and he did this so fearlessly that his classmates, with a single exception, united in a boycott against him. He bore it for two years without flinching, and by then the boycotters were compelled to admit that their hostility had given way to genuine respect. But when they proposed a peace, he sent them word that he had got along without their society so well that he saw no reason for resuming it. Instead of resenting the rebuke, they greeted him on graduation day with enthusiastic cheers.

This incident, occurring just as he was turning twenty-one, affords a key to Hobson's character and career, and may help explain why he chose to enter the staff of the navy in spite of his greater temperamental fitness for the line. He is of the old Crusader type. Had he joined the army, he would have found his way into the cavalry and shown a special genius for raids and forays, or for leading forlorn hopes—a more modern edition of his fellow-Alabaman, "Joe" Wheeler. In Congress he was the nervous, impulsive, quick-moving, dramatic guerrilla fighter for causes, rather than the routine worker for results. He was always doing the unexpected thing. In 1904, shortly before he started his campaign for Congress against Bankhead, a tornado swept through Hale County, Ala., leaving havoc in its track; Hobson dropped everything else, ordered a special railway train, and had the injured people, irrespective of race and color, conveyed to places where they could receive proper medical attention, food, and other comforts. Again, in the spring preceding the campaign of 1909, he made a speech in Congress criticising President Roosevelt's dismissal of the negro soldiers at Brownsville without trial. Only three minutes were allowed him, but this was the tenor of his appeal:

I saw black men carry our flag on Santiago Hill. I have seen them at Manila. A black man took my father, wounded, from the field of Chancellorsville. Black men remained on my grandfather's plantation after the proclamation of emancipation and took care of my grandmother and mother. The white man is supreme in this country; he will remain supreme. That makes it all the more sacred that we should give absolute justice to the black men. I submit it to the conscience of my colleagues. We are standing here on the field of eternal justice, where all men are the same. Whether the heavens fall or the earth melt away, while we live let us be just!

This came as a thunderbolt to the friends who were trying to return him to Congress from a district lying next to that which magnified Heflin. Perhaps we can afford to smile at some of the vagaries of a man who can thus take his political life in his hand for a principle; for, fortunately, they do not carry far. A dozen years ago, Hobson was demanding of Congress an appropriation of two and one-half billions for the upbuilding of the navy, while one hundred millions was still scouted as an extravagance. His Japanophobia goes back twenty years, growing out of his study of the war between China and Japan; and four years ago he had already fixed December, 1911, as the remotest date on which Japan would strike the first blow in a war with the United States which would last at least five years and might extend to ten: hence our need of immediately putting a gigantic army into the field and a prodigious navy upon the seas. And yet his prophecies of to-day cause many tremors!

VIEILLARD.

Science

In his paper on the "Fortified Headlands and Castles on the South Coast of Munster," reprinted from Vol. XXXII., 1914, of the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Mr. T. J. Westropp has discovered an almost unexplored field in Irish archæology. These Irish coastal forts were constructed at various epochs. In some, like Howth, near Dublin, and Shanoan, in Waterford, flint instruments have been found. Some belong to the Bronze Age; others were built or occupied by Danes, Welsh, or Normans. They differ greatly in form, and the following types are recognizable: simple headland forts, with a single wall; complex, with several earthworks or walls; intrenchments or citadels; multiple forts, with a single wall; complex, with several earth—with a gangway, natural or artificial; headlands, with a deep natural hollow at the neck; and fortified shore-rocks, usually isolated at high water. This interesting paper is well illustrated with photographs and ground plans. The completion of this investigation along the other parts of the Irish coasts will be welcome, and the materials requisite for it are now available.

With the handicap of such a subject as "Water Reptiles of the Past and Present" (Chicago University Press; $3), Prof. S. W. Williston, through the leaven of imagination, has produced a book which should interest the layman as well as the student. It is the clearest and most important résumé of this group which has appeared, and well worthy of comparison with the corresponding works of Osborn and Scott in the field of mammals. In easily understood language the author first discusses the classification, the skeleton, and the long-past age of reptiles, together with their adaptations to life in the water, following this with a more detailed account of the

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various orders, both fossil and living. The herpetologist will instantly remark that the author's classification differs only slightly from the more generally accepted conservative systems. He rejects all superfamilies and subclasses, and admits provisionally the orders Proganosauria, Proterosauria, and Thalattosauria. Three sentences relating to classification are worthy of quotation and general application: "The value of characters used in classification is very unequal. No two persons see these characters from the same viewpoints, and in consequence no two persons whose opinions are worth while ever wholly agree as to classification . . . the writer, for one, believes it is more worthy of the thoughtful scientific student to seek for relationships than for differences."

The chief charm with which the writer has imbued his text consists in the revivification of the extinct forms. A paleontologist has to possess many of the attributes of a detective, and when thoroughly trained it is marvellous what abstract facts he can deduce from the remains of a single animal. Professor Williston shows that in many cases the character of the skin, and even the carbon pigments indicating color patterns, may be detected. Fossil bones take on new meaning when we realize that the tiny skeletons scattered among the ribs of a great Ichthyosaur were the unborn young; that the fossilized remains of food in the stomachs reveal the diet: and bitten-off tails, half-healed bones of jaw and paddles are direct evidences of prehistoric battles. In addition, from the character and position of eyes, fins, and teeth, the author has reconceived much of the life history of these ancient reptiles. And the deductions thus attained are no less certain than the mathematical results of astronomical reseach, the perspective being a question of time rather than space. Incidentally, the human history of famous fossils is presented in a thoroughly enjoyable way; such as that of the first Mosasaur which was dug up by a Dutch officer, sued for and obtained by a canon under whose land it was found, from whom, in turn, it was subsequently taken by six grenadiers of the French army, stimulated by the promised reward of 600 bottles of wine. Thus, as Cuvier put it, "it was ceded to the Jardin de Plantes." The illustrations by the author are crude and unconvincing, and should have been omitted or replaced by restorations made by competent artists.

"A Manual of Weeds," by Ada E. Georgia, with illustrations by F. Schuyler Mathews (Macmillan; $2 net), is an ideal treatise. It is well written, well illustrated, and well printed. The author has taken great pains to present every phase of the subject which has any practical bearing, and thus has made a handbook which botanical teachers as well as progressive cultivators of the soil can use to advantage. The author could easily have made the subject dry and unattractive, but, instead of this, has given us a pleasing volume containing a good deal of plant-lore and popular information, without at any point dealing in sensation or nonsense. The history of some of our weeds, especially of those which were brought into the country under a mistaken notion that they were useful, is an impressive lesson in caution. False Guinea grass, for instance, a vile pest, was brought to this country as a plant of economic value. In the early thirties, the Sultan of Turkey requested the Governor of South Carolina to send him an instructor in the art of raising cotton. On his return from the Orient, this instructor brought with him, among other plants, seeds of this grass. Colonel Johnson, an Alabama planter, while visiting South Carolina, "became interested in this new plant, obtained a quantity of the seed, and raised it extensively on his plantation in the fertile bottom-lands of the Alabama River. Since then it has spread over about half of the United States." The keeping of this single weed under control is so important that it has received the attention of at least two special investigators assigned by the Bureau of Plant Industry at Washington, and also of an officer in the Tennessee Agricultural Experiment Station. In this special case, it was found that the best method of extirpation was to crowd out the pest by the luxuriant growth of an entirely different plant, alfalfa. The manner in which, in this particular case, the Bureau attacked a difficult problem is a fair illustration of the efficient work now done by the United States Department of Agriculture. This exhaustive treatise takes in all parts of the United States and Canada, and therefore an Easterner can find in it the weeds which are troubling his friends in California or Alberta. The attractiveness of the volume is enhanced by the simple device of placing the common name of the weed before its scientific appellation, a sequence which is common enough in French works, but is unfortunately rare in English botanies, even in the most elementary popular ones. Almost four hundred drawings by F. Schuyler Mathews make the book very helpful. The distinctive features are well brought out by him and the identification of most of the species ought to be comparatively easy. When the plant has been traced to its name, there will be found abundant advice as to the best methods of extermination. There is a copious glossary and index, and a cautionary list of plants which are distinctly poisonous or mechanically harmful to animal life. The book deserves to be placed in the same class as the most delightful descriptive botany ever prepared for American readers, Dr. Darlington's "American Weeds and Useful Plants."

Prof. James Geikie, who was emeritus professor of geology and mineralogy at the University of Edinburgh, and formerly dean of the faculty of science, died in Edinburgh on March 2. Professor Geikie was born in the same city on August 23, 1839, and was a younger brother of the distinguished geologist, Sir Archibald Geikie. He was educated at Edinburgh University, and in 1861 entered the Geological Survey. Eight years later he became district surveyor, and in 1882 he was appointed to the Murchison chair of geology in Edinburgh University. Among the numerous honors of which he was the recipient in the course of his career were the Brisbane Medal of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the Murchison Medal of the Geological Society of London, and the gold medal of the Royal Scottish Geological Society. Professor Geikie was one of the founders and past president of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, and honorary editor of the *Scottish Geographical Magazine*. Among his publications are: "The Great Ice Age," 1874; "Prehistoric Europe," 1882; "Outlines of Geology," 1884; "Fragments of Earth Lore," 1892; "Songs and Lyrics by Heinrich Heine," 1887; "Earth Sculpture," 1898; "Structural and Field Geology," 1905; "Mountains, Their Origin, Growth, and Decay," 1913, and "The Antiquity of Man in Europe," 1914.

Drama

THE FREE THEATER.

Four Plays of the Free Theater. Authorized translation by Barrett H. Clark. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co. $1.50 net.

Few students of the modern theatre, probably, would deny that André Antoine did it a material service in freeing it from the shackles of stupid convention and helping it to fulfil one of its proper functions as a mirror of life, much as they might deplore the occasional excesses in which he violated the principles of art and nature. Mr. Clark, an enthusiastic champion of Antoine's ideas and policy, hails him as the Martin Luther of the theatrical reformation. The four plays which he presents in this volume, however, can scarcely be accepted as a triumphant vindication of the ends and aims of the Free Theater and a demonstration of their accomplishment. All of them, undoubtedly, exhibit uncommon qualities, of one sort or another, but none of them is precious, only one has any serious literary or dramatic value, while the remaining three have no distinctive feature except an unimaginative realism.

The four plays are "The Fossils" of François de Curel, "The Serenade" of Jean Jullien, "Françoise' Luck," by Georges de Porto-Riche, and "The Dupe," by Georges Ancey. The first, which won the honor of a representation at the Théâtre Français, is a dramatic tragedy of indisputable power, founded on an abnormal and intensely unpleasant plot. It is cleverly written, keen in characterization, and full of highly emotional situation, but in style and construction belongs to the older artificial school. As a satire upon a decadent and inactive aristocracy, contented to rot in pride of birth, it is mordant and significant. But it is violent in its premises and illogical in its development. A young nobleman, the last of his race and unmarried, has an illegitimate son by his father's mistress, and, when he is dying and all hope of legitimate issue is vain, the whole family, father, son, and daughter —all high-minded—conspire to palm off this child as the rightful heir to the honors and estates. The one redeeming feature of the situation is that the son, who is not entirely fossilized, insists that the boy shall have a democratic education, so that he may realize and fulfil the obligations neglected by his ancestors. Thus the crime is to be expiated. The thoroughly unsympathetic and obviously strained circumstances of the story, to say nothing of its glaring inconsistencies, would preclude its popularity in the theatre, and are utterly subversive of the realism that is supposed to constitute the prime virtue of the newer drama.

"The Serenade" is modern enough, and common enough, in all conscience, but the spirit of it is as old, though by no means so sparkling, as that of the restoration comedy. It purports to be a picture of shopkeeper

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life in Paris. Its theme is the seduction of a daughter by her mother's lover, and its solution the marriage of the young folk with the parental blessing. "Brutal, exaggerated, sordid" are the well-deserved epithets applied to it by Mr. Clark, in a foreword. What reason, then, can there be for its translation and republication? Apparently, because it is a sign "of revolt against the lay figures of the conventional drama." A much more practical reason might be suggested.

"Françoise' Luck" has the merit of being amusing and brightly written, and the principal characters of the philandering artist and his wife—whose loving guile and natural attractiveness bind him to her in spite of his wandering propensities—are deftly and consistently sketched. Porto-Riche is an expert in the modern *Ars Amoris*. The piece is trivial and cynical, but neither coarse nor extravagant, and may be accepted as fairly representative of one phase of metropolitan life. But "The Dupe" is a wholly incredible piece. Mr. Clark admits that its "exaggeration of character seems at times to be almost puerile." No such qualification is needed. The exaggeration is puerile, from first to last, and this being the case, it follows that there can be none of the "true tragedy, inherent power, and irony" of which Mr. Clark speaks. It is probable that, on the stage, many of the scenes might be effective, in a purely theatrical sense. The same might be said of a dozen of our most successful and most unreal crook dramas, but nobody supposes them to be worthy of publication as modern masterpieces. Unfortunately, too many ardent advocates of the newer drama—which is a very real thing with an incalculable future—are apt to mistake the lawless, the strange, or the violent for the great, *ignotum pro mirifico*. And as for the baser, natural realism, what of it is left to be revealed after Etheredge, Sedley, Rochester, and Aphra Behn?

J. Ranken Towse.

"THE PEASANT GIRL."

Though "The Peasant Girl" (Forty-fourth Street Theatre) was manifestly constructed to accommodate the special talent of Emma Trentini, it by no means does her justice. It is a pleasant, wholesome trifle, but neither the book nor the lyrics have any distinction, and a carefully chosen chorus somehow fails to make the impression which it is capable of making. Given the old theme of stooping to conquer (which furnishes a part well suited to Trentini), there was still opportunity, by the use of a little imagination, to create pleasant, piquant surprises; and a catchy song or two would have done much to counteract the general tameness. Yet, though any careful analysis of the production leads to no flattering conclusions, it must be admitted that the performance is sufficiently enjoyable when judged by the run of Broadway "shows."

Count Bolo (John Charles Thomas), the dashing young type beloved of all women in musical comedy, is infatuated with a dancer at the opera. This does not please the charming Helena (Trentini), who to outwit him installs herself (her identity still unknown to him) as his housekeeper, ostensibly to enable him to put his estate to rights. It is in this rôle that Trentini displays the busy-bodied flitting hither and thither which is characteristic of her restless personality. The inevitable, of course, happens. Count Bolo loses his interest in the dancer, and Helena becomes mistress not only of his purse but of his heart; not till then, as befits true gentleness, does he learn of her distinguished birth.

Clifton Crawford as comedian is as droll as ever, and in Frances Pritchard has a dancing partner who in her loose-jointed grace reminds one to a marked degree of his partner of some years ago, Bessie McCoy. F.

"THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA."

It is undeniably restful now and then to witness a play that is blameless as to its morals and that takes for granted the propriety of young people falling in love with one another on slight provocation and without adequate analysis of their motives for doing so. There is glamour about knee breeches and the swish of satin coats and all the coxcombry of the period of powder and patches that is irresistible. For these and other reasons it was pleasant to see last week the revival of Anthony Hope's romantic comedy at Maxine Elliott's Theatre. It is a well-written trifle, telling of the prank played by the daredevil Lady Ursula Barrington on a professed misogynist, and it is far more successful than most efforts of its kind in catching the atmosphere of the period. In this particular consists its entire merit, for it is wholly devoid of dramatic suspense, and from the first moment when we know that Lady Ursula, on a "dare," has sought to gain admission to the house of Sir George Sylvester, we can take our ease with the comfortable assurance that before the fall of the final curtain we shall see Sir George and Lady Ursula happily betrothed. The intervening episodes, however, are well contrived, the dialogue is good, and, particularly in the second and third acts, there is some really delightful and quite genuine comedy.

The presentation of the piece at Maxine Elliott's is sufficiently good to merit success, although by no means without flaw. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, in the part of Lady Ursula Barrington, is seen to better advantage than in her first appearance in New York as Viola in "Twelfth Night." The same faults which marred that performance are observable in the present impersonation—a general amateurishness which is attributable to lack of experience. Nevertheless it was a performance full of promise for the future. If at times, in the scenes played in man's attire, Miss Terry's transitions from the masculine to the feminine and *vice versa* were altogether too sudden and devoid of subtlety, there were also moments, as in the duel scene in the third act, when she displayed real power and grasp of the situation. Certainly in her "breeches" part she made a most personable figure, and she has inherited a fair share of the personal magnetism which has been possessed so abundantly by others of her talented family. Of the rest of the cast Montagu Love, as Sir George Sylvester, stood out by virtue of a dignified performance, thoroughly in keeping with the atmosphere of the piece. An unfortunate confusion between comedy and farce was responsible for the entirely false note struck by Cecil King as the Rev. Mr. Blimboe. S. W.

Art

THE DEUTSCHES MUSEUM.

ABSTRACT OF THE REPORT FOR 1914.

Munich, February 1.

Out of fifty-two persons in the employment of the Deutsches Museum, officials, engineers, architects, designers, painters, and sculptors, and forty-five guardians who watch over the exhibits, thirty-one have joined the army, either because they were called to the colors or because, with the consent of the Museum uthorities, they volunteered their services. To facilitate this course, a portion of the Museum has been closed up, and the activities of the institutions have been considerably restricted.

A further measure in this direction was the making of special contracts with all those who went to the front, by which they were promised their places on their return, and were accorded the following favorable conditions: their full salary for the first four weeks, and thenceforth, until the end of their military service, 60 per cent. of the salary to each one having a wife. The unmarried men are to receive 50 per cent. of their salaries the second month and 25 per cent. in the succeeding months. The accordance of these sums is not to be modified in any way because of military stipends or personal income from other sources.

Recognizing the necessity of carrying on work in the many industries that provide material and supplies for the conduct of the war, the Museum permits those connected with it to take up any such branch of work during the war-time, and should the salary there received be less than that which the Museum has paid, the institution will make good the difference. The expense incurred by the Museum for this aid to the families of soldiers and to those serving in the cause in some other way amounts to 2,000 marks monthly. In addition to this, the wireless outfit of the Museum and its apparatus for demonstrating this process have been put to practical use, and many indispensable pieces of machinery have been ceded to the artillery service. The Roentgen-ray apparatus has been placed at the disposal of the hospitals. The directors have also established a sewing-room for the making up of underclothing for soldiers in the field as well as for the wounded, and they have taken steps to provide clothing for the poor of Munich, the special relations of this industrial museum with many manufacturers having greatly facilitated this task. Although the wives or other female relations of those engaged in the Museum willingly offered to do the sewing, the directors considered it better to employ and pay seamstresses in order to give employment to those in need. A weekly wage of 15 marks is paid.

In a still more important way the institution proposes to provide work for some of the unemployed. This is by carrying out as energetically as possible the new constructions that have been planned for the Museum, and instead of soliciting free contributions of building materials, the directorate prefers to pay for everything that may be required, so as to aid the cause of home industry as far as may be. The directors furthermore placed at the disposal of King Ludwig of Bavaria the sum of 50,000 marks, to be ex-

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pended in aid of the wounded. His Majesty determined to use the money for the establishment of a hospital-train.

That the Museum was able to do so much for the nation's cause in every way was due to the fact that its resources had been carefully husbanded in prosperous times, and that the directors, instead of investing the surplus in securities that would at present be difficult to dispose of, had deposited it in a bank, so that it was immediately available without loss. Over and above the actual expenditure for patriotic ends, the directorate was thus able to participate in the great German loan to the extent of a million marks, this large amount representing a surplus of its building-fund in excess of what is requisite for the work to be carried out at present.

OSKAR VON MILLER.

Finance

WAR NEWS AND THE MARKETS.

When the British Government, last week, intimated that the American proposal for a compromise of the Anglo-German "war-zone" quarrel would be rejected and that a complete embargo on all trade by outsiders with Germany might be proclaimed, the Stock Exchange took the matter calmly. Prices in fact advanced in the next ten days, at first cautiously, then confidently. Some people ascribed this hopeful attitude to a growing belief that the war was nearing its end; others, to the conciliatory reply of Germany to the American proposal, and the cessation of submarine attacks; still others, to the fact that the British Cabinet's embargo policy was only tentatively intimated, and that there was evident hesitation.

Yet the last occasion of the sort had troublesome financial results. Nothing like the present situation has occurred since 1806, when England declared 800 miles of the Continental European coast blockaded, despite the inability of the British fleet to enforce a lawful blockade, and when Napoleon, who had no fleet at all, retorted by declaring the British Isles blockaded, and any neutral vessel trading with them liable to capture. At President Jefferson's suggestion, the American Congress next, in 1807, retorted by an extraordinary act prohibiting all American ships from engaging in trade with the European belligerents.

The effect was startling. In 1807 this country's export trade was $108,300,000; in 1808 it was only $22,430,000. The port of New York, as one historian describes it, was crowded with shipping in November, 1807; its downtown offices thronged with underwriters, brokers, and merchants. By the next April, everything was stagnation; the commercial houses closing up, and the city feeling the embargo "like the creep of death." Boston was nearly ruined. The resultant paralysis ended only with the War of 1812.

Nobody has been so imaginative as to predict any such sequel to-day. The illegal blockades by European Powers have been repeating 1806; but they are dealing with a different America and a different American situation. Neither European belligerent was greatly disturbed by Jefferson's embargo on our exports in 1807. This year, such a law would both starve Europe and shorten up her supply of war munitions. The Stock Exchange was confident enough, this time, first, that no such recourse would be dreamed of by us; secondly, that Europe would not dream of provoking it.

But the Stock Exchange may have had another motive than skepticism as to the outcome of the "war-zone" demonstration. It is not without significance that the recovery in stocks began on the very day when cable dispatches gave the first news of the bombardment of the Dardanelles. In other quarters than Wall Street, large strategic importance was attached to this new development. Different markets drew two curiously opposite inferences. The Stock Exchange was evidently stimulated, on the ground that a step towards settlement of the war was now in sight. The wheat market, on the other hand, fell nearly 30 cents a bushel from the high price of the month; the word being rapidly passed, on the Chicago Board of Trade, that Russia has a surplus of 100,000,000 to 150,000,000 bushels of wheat from its crop of 1914, hitherto shut off from the export market by the blockade of the Baltic and the closing of the Dardanelles, and that reopening of access to the Black Sea ports would instantly throw this mass of grain into the hands of European consumers.

The grain market itself expressed some doubt over that outcome. No official information is obtainable regarding stocks of grain at Black Sea ports, such as would be released when the straits are open for free passage of ships into the Mediterranean. Extravagant figures have been circulated. One story has been that there are 80,000,000 bushels ready to be shipped at once. This is regarded by all well-informed grain dealers as absurd. There is not storage room for so much grain in all the Russian ports, and 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 bushels is believed to be nearer the actual maximum.

Vessel men say, moreover, that there are few ships now at Black Sea ports, ready to come out with grain. Most of those which were there at the time war was declared got out, and a new fleet will now have to be sent in from the Mediterranean, before heavy shipments can be made. Furthermore, grain exporters, West and at the seaboard, who have tried to obtain information regarding the probable results of reopening the Black Sea for free shipping, agree that, at the earliest, it will be a month before traffic could be effective. A few have reports that it will be May 1, or later, before large exports can be looked for, even should the straits be opened at once. It will take four to five weeks to make the round trip from Liverpool to Black Sea ports. A year ago, Odessa had 328,000 bushels of wheat in storage, and Russia's total stocks, as given by Broomhall in his European visible, were 11,400,000 bushels. Now they are said to be around 5,000,000.

One thing is certain. When the war is over, there will be active demand for all our grains from Germany and from all other countries at good prices. In the West, $1 per bushel is still considered a good price for wheat at any time, under ordinary conditions. At last week's lowest figure, the price was $1.37.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Blackwood, A. The Empty House. D. C. Vaughan. $1.35 net.
Bordeaux, H. The Will to Live. Duffield. 75 cents net.
Chamberlain, G. A. Through Stained Glass. Century. $1.30 net.
Corbin, J. The Edge. Duffield. $1.35 net.
Futrelle, J. and M. Lieutenant What's His Name. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Hall, H. Pepper. Century. $1.30 net.
Howard, M. L. Myriam and the Mystic Brotherhood. Chicago: Occult Pub. Co. $1.25 net.
Megrue, R. C., and Hackett, W. It Pays to Advertise. Duffield.
Morris, G. The Seven Darlings. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Phillpotts, E. Brunel's Tower. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Pratt, L. Felix Tells It. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Putnam, N. C. The Little Missioner. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Shaw, S. A Siren of the Snows. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.30 net.
Warner, A. The Taming of Amorette. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hodge, T. S. The White Man's Burden. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Mierow, C. C. The Gothic History of Jordanes. Princeton University Press. $1.75 net.
Rhodes, C. E. Old Testament Narratives. Lake English Classics. Scott, Foresman. 40 cents net.
Stickney, J. H. Andersen's Fairy Tales. First and Second Series. New edition. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents net each.
Thompson, R. C. A Pilgrim's Scrip. Lane. $3.50 net.
Turnbull, A. Life and Writings of Alfred Lord Tennyson. Scribner.
Vizetelly, F. H. Essentials of English Speech and Literature. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Green, E. M. The Archbishop's Test. Dutton. $1 net.
Montefiore, C. G. Judaism and St. Paul. Dutton. $1.25 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Boston Municipal Register for 1914. City of Boston: Printing Department.
Conant, C. A. A History of Modern Banks of Issue. Fifth edition, revised and enlarged. Putnam.
Glenn, G. Creditor's Rights and Remedies. Boston: Little, Brown.
Heringa, A. Freetrade and Protectionism in Holland. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Chapman, J. J. Memories and Milestones. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.
Chesterton, G. K. The Appetite of Tyranny. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
Fleischmann, H. Behind the Scenes in the Terror. Brentanos. $4 net.
Fournier, A. Napoleon I: A Biography. (New Popular Edition.) Vols. I and II. Holt. $3.50 net.
Greene, F. V. The Present Military Situation in the U. S. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Heyking, Baroness von. The Letters which Never Reached Him. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Mugge, M. A. Friedrich Nietzsche: His Life and Work. Brentanos. $1.50 net.

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SCIENCE.

Allen, L. G. Table Service. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Muirhead, W. A. Practical Tropical Sanitation. Dutton. $3.50 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Noyes, A. A Belgian Christmas Eve. Stokes. $1 net.
Sonneck, O. G. Early Opera in America. Schirmer.

TEXTBOOKS.

Hale, E. E., and Dawson, F. T. The Elements of the Short Story. Holt.
Parker, S. C. Methods of Teaching in High Schools. Boston: Ginn. $1.50 net.

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